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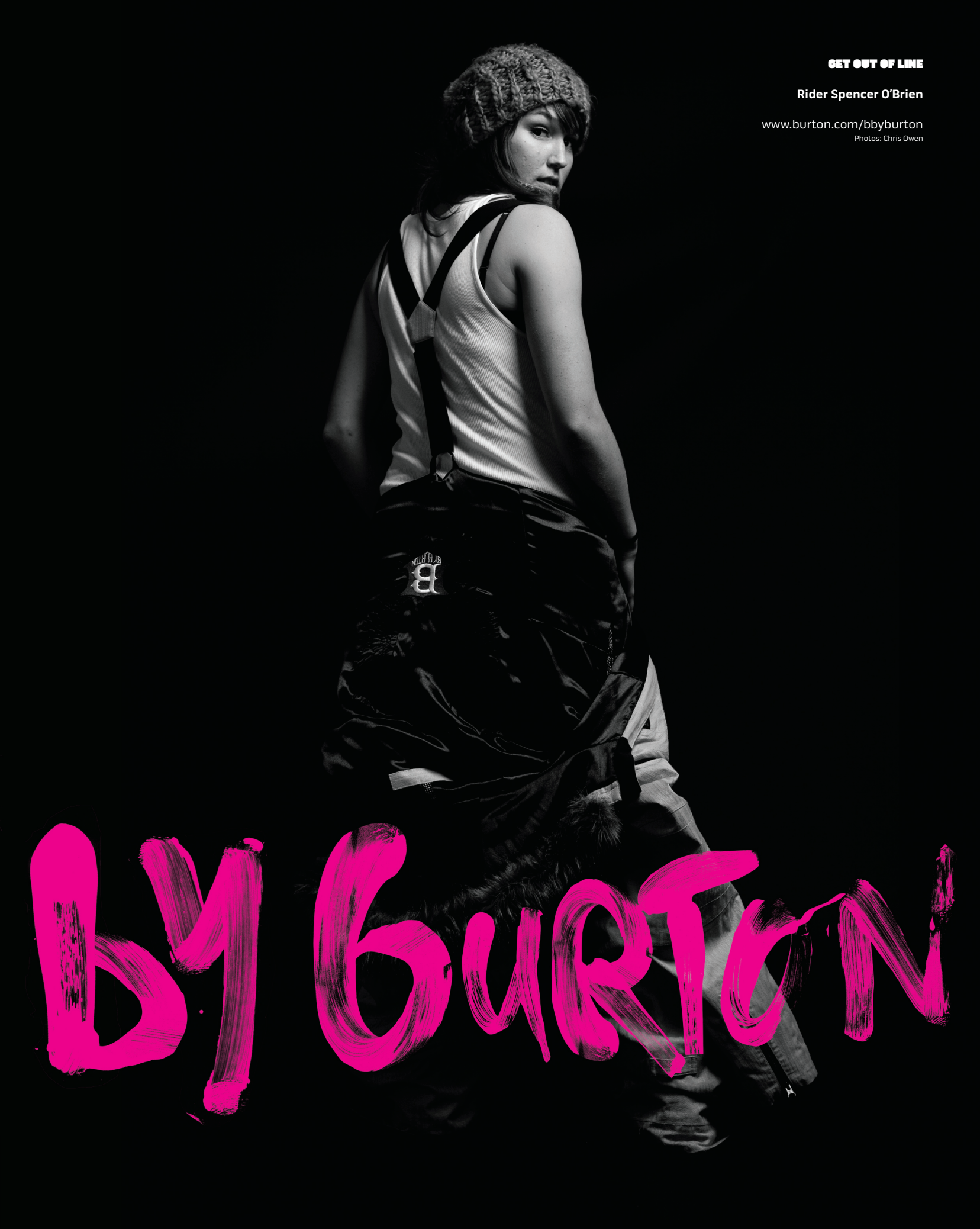

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FALL'08

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ON THE COVER:
SANTOGOLD

Photographed by **Kai Regan** at Bathhouse Studios on New York's Lower East Side. Styling by **Christian Stroble**. Makeup by **Viktorija Bowers**. Hair by **Staci Child**. Bodysuit by **David David**, Rings by **Noir**, Nail rings by **Bijules.**

ISSUE NINE

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PHOTO: BROOKE NIPAR

I am drunk. I've been drinking since midnight last night. Or is it this morning? No matter. Judging from the upended jugs of bourbon and the accompanying streaks of wretch decorating my workspace, this birthday's gonna be a doozy. I can't even find the matching intern for this severed foot… hmmm, nice pedi. Whatevs. It is my joy to announce that oui, c'est vrai, *Missbehave* turns two today! Yes, today, yes, right this second, yes, despite our being a quarterly and arriving in your mitts at varying times, yes, TODAY. Oh, how splendidly extravagant it all is.

We're not big on subtlety or shame or dignity or waiting for people to congratulate us on our multitude accomplishments/countless talents, so we'd first like to pat ourselves on the back for not only turning out yet another truly outstanding and humbling-if-you're-not-us issue of as-yet-attempted-by-anyone-else-in-the-history-of-elses MAGNIFICENCE, but for hiring more people. Really brainy hard-working GIRLS (not to be confused with hard "Working Girls") who we love as much and as often as we love ourselves.

Let's see here [*rummage*, *rifle*, *rifle*], we are pleased as punch to commune with the likes of our Editor-At-Large, one Lesley Arfin, who in this issue regales us with the intrepid travails of looking for a decent psychic in this town, we are also blessed with the brilliant digital contributions of our new-ish online editor Sarah Morrison who, on any given day, can post upwards of 1.2 kabillion times and who may or may not be wearing underpants on said day. Additionally, we'd like to warmly welcome into the fold (read that however suggestively as you're inclined) Marley Kate, our new staff photographer who has been so incredibly on-point over the years and Ms. Natalie our new salesmachine ad gal.

See, in two short years we've grown lots and lots. Like a really pretty but similarly aggressive AIDS pyramid. But despite our growth and evolution, some things remain steadfastly the same. Sally and I will still try to strangle each other at exactly the same point during a close. Someone always ends up crying and making faces so offensive we have to take their picture (Sarah), Olivia's circus boobs get some poor bastard incarcerated, a dog falls off the roof, and Brooke gets another haircut that makes her look gorgeous and not unlike someone who'd be smiling as they slit your face.

Good stuff. So please, on this occasion of our turning terribly two, hang out with us and enjoy our gift to you—this wonderful issue. Santogold in a 184 lb. gold bustier, a hysterical feature with writer Mindy Kaling from "The Office", Kim Ann Foxman from Hercules and Love Affair, a CRAZYBEAUTIFUL fashion feature with the indomitable and gloriously pervy photographer, Cheyco Leidmann, our First Annual Denim Pageant, a sit down with THE Betsey Johnson, and taking a page from regular women's magazines, we've included service pieces—one on pooing and another on how best to successfully avoid showering.

Yep, we've got it all. There's absolutely no topic we wouldn't tackle for you. Why? 'Caaauuuuuse—You're the best AROUND. Nothing's gonna ever keep you do-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-own!!!!!!!!! Cue guitar solo.

So say we all,

Mary H.K. Choi

Deuce deuce in my bubblegoose: Vilkomerson, Liv, Mini Mao, Rubinalia, Choire, *Caligula for President*, Mark, Quis custodiet ipsos custodes, the beautious Friendan, the Champagne of Babies, Philip Nobel's name drop, *WAD*, KM3 Studios, NCB, cafeconlesley, and *Comic Foundry* totally should've gotten an Eisner.

missbehave

BRANDI QUINONES

Brandi dreamed of being a model before she could walk up stairs. From there, it took a few years to master the catwalk but she has since modeled for big willie clients like Chanel and Versace. The 29-year-old worked it for our Cheyco Leidmann story which was convenient, since she splits her time between New York and Miami. When not jet-setting off to model around the world, she likes taking photos, spending time with her friends and family, and watching old episodes of "The Muppets." She is totally veggie. Her favorite book is *Where the Wild Things Are*. She is afraid of crazy-looking insects. She thinks all this sounds totally boring. We disagree. Brandiquinones.com

KAI LIVINGSTON ROTHCHILD REGAN III

Kai shot our Santogold cover story and judging from the clucking of our staff, is also apparently kinda hot. This dirty 30-year-old lives in the Lower East Side, loves the Misfits, and "fucking hates sharks." His first gig was shooting 50 Cent before he was big. For the occasion, Fif' referred to himself in the third person, wore a bullet proof vest, and brought agents with brief cases. When the world ends, Kai's gonna party like it's 1999. He doesn't do fast food, booze, pills, or soda. What does he do? He shoots for *Gotham*, *Complex*, *Luicre*, *Interview*, *Tokion*, *Maxim*, *Fader*, *VIBE*, *Details* and *The New York Times Style Mag*. Kairegan.com

CHEYCO LEIDMANN

Cheyco Leidmann is a big freaking deal. He's basically a living legend. He's put out a gang of award-winning books and has won a New York Creative Directors Club Gold Award. Now Cheyco is an even bigger deal because of the "Deuce Deuce Revolution" Miami-inspired shoot he shot and directed for us. He's a bestseller throughout the world and influences filmmakers, creative directors, and 2.3 gazillion photographers. Cheyco's work is easily recognizable as he "refuses to turn away from the dominant aspects of life which are sometimes jarring." He's a big fan of "sex and violence," and feels that shying from such themes, "is cowardly," reasoning that "the real violence on our planet can not be visually topped." cheycoleidmann.com

STACIE JANELLE FISHMAN

This majorly gorgeous model donned crazy wigs and makeup in our "All That Glitters" glam rock fashion story. The New York doll calls herself a "laundry Nazi" because everything needs to be perfectly folded and color coordinated. Her first gig was a *Sassy* feature, now she models like crazy, designs her clothing line, manages the rock band Modrocket, and takes care of her 4-year-old son, Jagger Davide. Stacie's favorite book is *El Zahir* by Paulo Cohelo and her favorite quote is, "Wherever you go, there you are." When she gets a moment of leisure, her favorite eBay search is for Bob Dylan tees.

INTERNS

HELLS GIBSON, ALEX JORDAN HARRINGTON, MEGHAN CALABRO, CHRISTINE MAYRINA, OLIVIA KIRSCH, ANNIE KRASNER, AUKE SPRANGERS

Isn't interning great? Interns do it 'cause they really want to, and are willing to do the shit that most won't for any amount of money—let alone for free. Spanning from the good old US of A, to England, to the Netherlands, they're practically the fucking UN of *Missbehave*. They have guns, brains, and nimble, fast little factory worker hands. They carried 400 lb garment bags from way uptown to the bowels of Brooklyn. They sauntered through the ungodly summer heat wearing ridiculous shoes, smoking, inhaling caffeine products, and texting each other furiously. Don't sleep on them, though. Alex the Boy Intern can lift his own weight in gold, Olivia is the general hotness in the office, Hells is our resident photog, Annie and Meghan are the go-to girlies for graphic dopeness, Auke is shockingly stronger than any of the boys, and Christine is temporarily deaf from all the transcribing. So here they are, ready for hire! Ahem. Really. Hire them.

STÜSSY

MISSBEHAVE

POP-UP SHOP

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28 REASONS

We Can't Sit Still!

RED BULL COLA

Remember way back in junior high (waaaaaaaay back for some of you ladies), when you and your girlfriend would gab for hours about the cute boy with the pretty eyes that slipped you the tongue? And how her mom always had a fridge full of Coca-Cola but how she'd only let you drink RC and you'd get excitable from the sugar 'cause you'd drink like forty of "her" cokes out of spite? Well, Redbull Cola feels and tastes just like that—retro, forbidden, and delicious. Except this time we get it directly from the hands of this insanely cute Red Bull delivery boy with pretty eyes—who drops off the goods while we bat our lashes. Now that we're super awake and our eyes are hard-wired into that perma-gaze that got us the tongue in the first place, all we gotta say is pucker up! —*Christine Mayrina*

MISSBEHAVE KARMALOOP

Brace yourself because this fall, we partnered up with our friends over at Karmaloop.com to create our very own virtual Pop Up Shop. Can you say super, ultra, mega awesome? Finally, all of our clamoring fans and adoring readers will have a one-stop shop to get their hands on all the kick-ass designers you see in the magazine. We've styled a slew of deliciously vibrant Missbehave-y looks for you to choose from. And if that weren't enough, we will be unveiling Missbehave merchandise that you can't find anywhere else in the universe. Were talking logo leggings people! March to Karmaloop.com and get fly. —*Samantha Moeller*

PENFIELD

Winter. Booo. It's only fall and I'm already dreading those 30 below, 25mph wind days that are just around the corner. And worst of all, I have to go buy a big, bulky, BORING grey or black coat. Why do all the warm coats have to be so dreary? At last, fashion and function have made sweet sweaty love and birthed something fit for those cold, cold days. Penfield, the Massachusetts manufacturers, have been outfitting men for the great outdoors since 1975 and they have now launched a women's line of bubble vests and coats. There are solid colors for you ladies that are skittish about the risk, and then there are these awesome color block ones that just scream Missbehave! They start from $150 for the vest to $200 for the jacket. For stores, go to penfieldusa.com! —*Rose Garcia*

POP UP SHOP PHOTO BY MARLEY KATE, MODEL: KIM MATULOVA, PENFIELD PHOTO BY TEXAS

HARAJUKU LOVERS PERFUMES

Thank God, a reason not to hara-kiri. Whew, close one. This fall, Gwen Stefani is expanding her empire of all things Japanese and awesome by launching not one, but five different fragrances for her Harajuku Lovers line! For the occasion, Gweny (we're super close) decided to make doll-shaped bottles modeled after herself and her four backup singers: Love, Angel, Music and Baby. I ain't no Holla Back Girl, but honestly, Gwen could write L.A.M.B. with a sharpie on a fire hydrant, and I would sleep in a line to buy it. In cash. These are just way too cute—not to mention the scents are fruity, flowery, delish, and each is crafted by a different perfumer! Cop them at Macy's and all major department stores.—*Emilia Perez*

CHEYCO LEIDMANN

Cheyco Leidmann, the photographer and artist, is touted as "one of the greatest visualists of our generation." For those with delicate constitutions, we must warn you that even a cursory glance at his fashion story this issue may incite the Rapture and other religious experiences. Cheyco's new book Toxytt has 300 breathtaking pages of bold, lewd and noisily enigmatic imagery that's not unlike hurtling through some surreal fantasyland. Well, that's if your fantasies include neon-lit, super-glamorous criminals, prostitutes, and drug addicts with a heavy dash of sex, blood, and also murder. Visit cheycoleidmann.com to experience more of the master.—*EP*

Anthropology

CLASSIC HIPSTER:

Has multiple and often ironic tattoos. Is really into Bukowski. Enjoys smoking cigarettes, Yashica T4 photography, and fixed-gear bicycling. Does not enjoy washing hair.

Wears: Chuck Taylors, Vans, vintage tees, flannels **Listens to:** The Smiths, Gang of Four, The Virgins **Drinks:** PBR, Jack Daniel's **Mascot:** Chloë Sevigny **Occupation:** Bartender **Secret Shame:** Hates all of Morrissey's solo albums.

EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES HIPSTER

Goes out seven nights a week. Likes wearing sunglasses indoors, dancing, and cocaine. Does not understand irony.

Wears: Jeremy Scott, Cassette Playa, Lamé, colored jeans **Listens to:** Justice, MGMT, Crystal Castles **Drinks:** Vodka Red Bull **Mascot:** M.I.A. **Occupation:** High school **Secret Shame:** Thinks Steve Aoki is a bad DJ.

GRANOLA HIPSTER

Thinks only capitalist pigs shop at Whole Foods. Rolls cigarettes by hand. Makes a mean seitan lasagna. Does not own a TV and will tell anyone who's listening so.

Wears: Beads, denim suits, feathers, eye makeup (men only) **Listens to:** Joanna Newsom, Will Oldham, Vetiver **Drinks:** Microbrews **Mascot:** Devendra Banhart **Occupation:** Barista **Secret Shame:** Scared of Barack Obama.

HOPSTER

Checks no less than 18 blogs a day, including own. So over BAPE. Considers standing in line a social pastime. Dry cleans jeans.

Wears: Door knocker earrings, acrylic nails, New Eras, streetwear, Nikes, "limited edition" **Listens to:** Lil Wayne, Dipset, Spank Rock **Drinks:** Sparks **Mascot:** Pharrell **Occupation:** Retail **Secret Shame:** Doesn't know who SSUR is.

TRUST FUNDSTER

Pays rent with credit card. Went to rehab at age 17. Hangs out at places like Beatrice and Teddy's but insists they're "so boring." Close personal friends with Charlotte Casiraghi. Likes to hang out with skaters, artists, and people who have been to jail.

Wears: (Men) skinny ties, wingtips, Dior Homme, Acne Jeans. (Women) Chanel caviar bags, vintage couture, Alexander Wang **Listens to:** Wolf Parade, The Kills, The Like **Drinks:** Doesn't. In the "Program." **Mascot:** The Traina sisters **Occupation:** "Stylist" **Secret Shame:** Old nose.

THE COBRA SNAKE

HIPSTER PHOTOS COURTESY OF THECOBRASNAKE.COM

DANIELLE NINJA: *NOT YOUR AVERAGE VIDEO GIRL*

Boom-boom-boom-KAT! At a time when "dancing" in music videos consists of gyrating in oil with a come hither stare, it's nice to see a true talent emerge on the scene. If you don't know who Danielle Ninja is, it's about time you recognize. A born and bred Bronx-based NYC girl, Danielle has become a staple on the dance scene for the likes of Omarion, Beyoncé, and Janet Jackson. A pretty good resume for a 22-year-old, huh? (talk about things that make me feel like shit about my life). However, what really sets Danielle apart is her cult following in the gay scene as a vogue dancer for the House of Ninja! And this isn't your corny Madonna circa 1988 slow-mo vogueing either, we're talking a cunt 'til the death dance-off of gladiatorial proportions complete with back-flips, drop kicks, and some pretty painful looking splits. It's Danielle's ability to straddle (2 points for the corny pun!) both worlds and infuse them each with her style—that is the mark of a great dancer!—*Alex Jordan Harrington*

PRINCESS OF THE POSSE

When you see the name "Princess of the Posse" and automatically think of the infamous Queen Latifah song, then mission accomplished! Kelly B., Jennifer, and Pistola, the founders of the line, wanted a brand name that evoked this specific type of lady–brassy, classy, and ever so sassy. This fall, they're launching designs truly fit for a queen, their "Street Royalty" collection includes new silhouettes, limited edition tees, and lots of other regal offerings. Get your royal ass to princessoftheposse.com!—*Rose Garcia*

MOB

Leah McSweeney, creator and owner of Married to the Mob, is 'bout to put the chillier seasons on blast! With MOB's new cut & sew line dropping this fall, you'll be able to stay dipped in MOB, from head to toe all year round. She's banging out a collection featuring new textiles, outerwear (ranging from light to heavyweight), along with a grip of new hoodie styles. All this, with the previously released jeans that are designed to make your ass look fine whether your trunk lacks junk or if you've got a Donkey Kong hanging off your back. Of her Nike collabo Leah succinctly says, "It's CRACK!" The expansion was "the necessary step to take MOB to the next level," but rest assured that the new-new will stick to the MOB rule of thumb—"To make girls feel sexy and tough at the same time." Check it at marriedtothemobnyc.com—*Christine Mayrina*

PARTY **FACIAL** PARTY

Magazine stress wreaks havoc on your skin, so given the opportunity to get a Pre-and-Post Party Facial at De Paola Lowrance Center, I hurried to the wilds of Midtown Manhattan (how SATC of me). I soon learned that this was no ordinary facial—this was a high tech state-of-the art, super-expensive, medical machine facial. With a swipe of my technician Jenny's nifty ultrasonic exfoliation gadget and micro-current lift, the gunk was outta my pores, my skin was angel soft, and my face muscles were relaxed. I was radiant that night at my event…then drank a dozen cocktails and smoked a million ciggies.

Morning after, I was not feeling too angelic for my post party facial but Jenny's fingers danced on my epidermis and as the throbbing in my head slowly dissipated, she applied a golden mask and set me to bake under some photolight therapy. I ended up leaving confident…but still craving a bacon egg and cheese. Get hot at dlyoungskinforever.com!—*Samantha Moeller*

NATURE'S PATH
Hemp Granola

I love snacks. My favorite right now is Nature's Path Hemp Granola. I know it sounds like some tree-hugging shit, but it's just so tasty. Plus, the flax seed is like hippie magic dust. I think I have a problem though, I finished a box while writing these five sentences.—*Brooke Nipar*

PRINCESS OF THE POSSE PHOTO BY MARLEY KATE

INTERVENTION

JIMMY FALLON

Oh Jimmy. You almost had me convinced you were cute when you started out. But mostly because I just pretended you were a thin Adam Sandler. You sang the same songs and wore the same hoody. It was comforting. Even when you laughed at your own jokes, I giggled with you. It felt like I was right there. You were so "breaking the fourth wall." The whole thing was so brave. You looked up from your shoe gazing. I blushed. Then, when you looked down again, I saw you were starting to bald, and that your hair was brittle. I realized you were in your mid 30s, I in my late 20s, neither of us in high school at our lockers, and snapped out of it. You propelled your fauxdorable 16-year-old demeanor into Drew Barrymore movies Sandler's agent scoffed at. Soon Queen Latifah came calling. You began to refer to Weekend Update as your internship. You took on a serious roll as the creepy sorta gay friend in *Factory Girl*. You met an Olsen and that slutty Sienna girl that steals people's husbands and boyfriends and would go to the opening of a cat food can.

Then you married Drew Barrymore's production partner and we understood why you were still working. We watched "SNL" reruns, remembered you existed, and Googled you one time. All the while, you spent your cracky nights planning your late night TV sabotage. You prank called Jeff Zucker and other NBC execs in your best Jay Leno spewing racist jokes. You mwuahahaha'd. You sent Edible Arrangements to Tina Fey and Amy Poehler until "30 Rock" started to get fruit flies. Then Conan. He rolled his eyes. Gave you his job. Now you get to be Conan. Conan gets to be Jay Leno. Jay Leno gets to be forgotten by me a.k.a he gets to be you. Ugh. But whatever, Tina Fey will just take everyone's jobs halfway through the season. Maybe then, you and Jay Leno can get an apartment in North Hollywood together. You guys can make Youtube videos.—*Sarah Morrison*

DEFinition

There's a glut of reasons to cop *DEFinition: The Art and Design of Hip-Hop* (out this fall) but here's the most pressing: You Must Learn. Compiled by the awesome graphic designer Cey Adams and edited by the OG Def Jam publicist Bill Adler, *DEFinition*... chronicles three decades of the bombastic visuals that accompanied all aspects of the bananas genre.—*Regina Ombudsman*

JAIL SHOWS

I love jail shows. Yes, they're exploitive. Yes, they're sensationalistic but there's just something about seeing violent criminals, gang bangers, and sociopaths that really riles me up. All the good ones are on MSNBC and The National Geographic Channel. These networks delve deep into places like Indiana State Prison, LA County, and Stateville Correctional Center. I can make a shank out of a toothbrush I also know that in women's prison you can trade ciggies for hair braiding. I know that if you're up for parole its not a good idea to initiate a fight in the yard. 10 times out of 10 you'll be denied. Jail shows feel like therapy. When I'm depressed about not getting that fantabulous Chanel bag or I'm pissed at my BFF for copying my hairdo, I just put on an episode of "Lock-Up: San Quentin" and feel better. Thank you MS-18.—*Samantha Moeller*

SHWAYZE

I met Shwayze in the Austin airport after SXSW a few years back. I was lying on the ground in my clothes from the night prior. I split a Xanax with him and one of his friends. We flew back to LA arm in arm. Back then, he was the only black kid I knew from Malibu. He has since teamed up with Cisco Adler, recorded a full-length album, been on "TRL," and in a Pontiac commercial. But to me, this now 22-year-old will forever be the Fresh Prince of Malibu. Peep myspace.com/shwayze for tracks, album info, and tour dates.—*Sarah Morrison*

Verbal DiaLeah

Leah Rose is the co-host of "Lip Service," a talk show on Shade45, that airs every Monday from 8:00-10:00 p.m. EST. She's also mean as gangrene on the made-up word scene. This installment is…

Menstrappetite
(men-strap-i-tahyt) *noun.* An insatiable hunger you blame on your period.
Usage: Flo is so heavy, my menstrappetite needs a whole pizza. I don't want to pass out!

W.T.F?

MISSNOMER

Don't get us wrong, we very much appreciate anyone who mentions our sweet, humble magazine and web site. Truly, we do. Mas besos, a thousand thank yous and many millions of small, delicious, powdered donut holes. The thing I'd like to point out is the laborious, oft incorrect efforts to spell our name. Hi, our name is Missbehave. Let me use it in a sentence: Missbehave is teh amazingest, super spesh ish eva. See, when it's done correctly? We're not Miss Behave, Missbehavin', Missbehavior, Misbehave or MissBehave. I don't mean to cause trouble because most of these are very creative. But every time our name is uttered incorrectly, a pair of lamé leggings or a patterned onesie spontaneously combusts in exasperation. It burns girls alive. So please, like cutting those plastic soft drink rings into pieces so they don't strangle ducks, get our name right. It's the best thing you can do for the environment. Our immediate environment. Like, at least to the next desk over. Thank you. Curtsy. Aaaaaand scene. Good work everybody that's a wrap [*clap, clap, clap, clap.*].—*Mary H.K. Choi*

FAFINETTE IS HAVING A BABY; 2005, ACRYLIC ON WOOD, RUE DE METZ, TOULOUSE, FRANCE.

FOOD FIGHT

Jet-setters don't have time to entertain guests the old fashioned way! Our fave party-promoting gals, Justine D and Roxy Cottontail, show us how to be hospitable with minimal work.

ATMOSPHERE

Justine: As a dynamic hostess, there are rules for throwing a smashing dinner party. Do not have your guests eating in squalor, adorn the dining area with a bouquet of fresh flowers. Close quarters lead to longer conversations, so plan your guest list accordingly. Also, to keep guests (and their noses) comfortable, discreetly place matches near the "facilities."

Roxy: I don't have an oven, a dinner table, or a dishwasher. I have closets bigger than my kitchen. Because of the lack of space (and laziness), I invent recipes as I go along. Thusly I only invite my daring, open-minded friends when I "cook." Whatever newness on my iPod will be bumping, and I like to light wood wick candles because they sound like a crackling fire.

FOODIES

Justine: As a girl on the go, a dinner party can be stressful. Lighten your workload and plan a potluck instead of a five-course meal. Provide lots of appetizers. I love a decadent selection of cheese and finger foods, like savory spinach feta triangles.

Roxy: I enjoy small meals like a mixed mesclun salad with grapefruit, goat cheese, chickpeas, spinach, and sunflower seeds. I also like to heat up some spicy soy nuggets with BBQ sauce or vegan dumplings with hot sauce from the health food store.

DRUNKS

Justine: Seltzer with elderflower cordial and a twist of lemon is a refreshing and extraordinary non-alcoholic beverage. Order the cordial online at britishdelights.com! Have a selection of red and white wine available and ensure all glasses are filled at all times!

Roxy: I enjoy making White Rabbits. This drink recipe came to light after experimenting with a bottle of Svedka and no mixers. It consists of Vanilla Svedka vodka and Vanilla Silk soymilk. This may sound nasty, but its incredible. Think a svelte White Russian, not a fat one.

DESSERTS

Justine: I'm a sugar junkie and assume everyone else is. Offer options: a gooey, dark chocolate brownie from mrchocolate.com or fresh berries with whipped cream on the side. Also, be sure to have tea, Marquise Grey is smooth, earthy and yummy iced or hot!

Roxy: I order boxes of Sambazon açai, a fancy Brazilian berry full of antioxidants that tastes like chocolate and comes delivered frozen. It's hecka good blended with soymilk and topped with granola, flax seeds and raisins. Available at sambazon.com

JEWISH ROSARIES

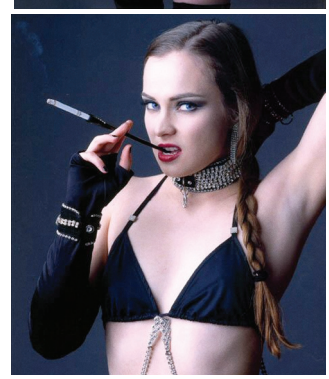
Streetwear and Jews haven't been getting along so well lately (ahem, pro-Palestinian Freshjive T-shirts). Enter Carlen Altman of Jewish Rosaries, who had the chutzpah to make rosaries for those unchosen members of the goy population. You might not have been kvetching for your own before, but you will now. Handmade in Brooklyn of gold or silver-plated charms, crystals, and beads—your faygala friends will be way jealous. Oy gevalt, these things are so cool, just go to jewishrosaries.com and you'll be kvelling all over yourself. Jews for Jesus love a good tchotchke. Amen.

—*Olivia Goldbergsteinschewitz*

Black Swan Shiraz Merlot

My wine education involves many weeks of trudging through a good ol' wine in a box. Recently, I've decided to step up my game by experimenting with South Eastern Australian reds of the Black Swan variety. I've been walking around the office swishing around Black Swan's Shiraz Merlot blend and mumbling about its fantastic legs. So, I'm kind of an expert now. It's totally delicious—I know this because I'm a girl of class and sophisticated tastes. It has a plumy blackberry velvet taste with a hint of…black pepper? All I know is that it makes me want to eat at Outback…must be those yummy Aussie grapes?—*Olivia Allin*

MUNDAE MUNDAE



Damn. With films like *The Lord of the G-Strings* and *Mulva: Zombie Asskicker!* under your belt, how can ya go wrong? You can't. Misty Mundae is a perky actress, model, filmmaker, and former softcore porn starlet that's rocketed to cult stardom overnight. This gorgeous bisexual vegetarian vixen has starred in over 50 low-budget indie masterpieces to date. Her early career consisted mainly of racy lesbo and softcore parodies, namely *Play-Mate of the Apes, The Seduction of Misty Mundae,* and a personal fave of mine, *Spiderbabe*. She dove head-first into a juicy role in the Columbine-inspired *Duck! The Carbine High Massacre* in early 2000, and also wrote, directed, and starred in a remake of Director Nick Phillips' 1969 softcore classic, *Lustful Addiction*. Misty's got this amazingly enigmatic girl-next-door quality that just won't quit and keeps you gasping for more. She's now retired from the softcore industry and plans to pursue mainstream acting, so keep your collective peepers peeled!—*Larry Conti*

CRUNCH GYM

While wondering whether yearly gym memberships would be cheaper than a lifetime of plastic surgery, I thought, 'Hey, wouldn't it be fun if Mary and I spent an entire day at Crunch, competing with each other for every class offered in a 24-hour period?' Mmmm… masochism. Only in magazine land does your every wish magically come true. So there we were at Crunch gym at 10 am. Our Anusara Yoga instructor was hot. He touched me lots 'cause I was super talented. I still have no idea what a "happy baby pose" is, but I did do a head-stand, so I smoked Mary that round.

Then we dashed to BOSU Bootcamp where you balance on this blue rubber half ball situation, lunging and lifting weights with body bars. Nobody won and we declared a tie because it was like we had inner-ear problems since neither of us can balance for squat. Our BOSU instructor Marc Santa Maria also does the 12:15 Tread N' Shed and was concerned we might die due to our Venti iced coffee (Mary) and banana (me) breakfasts. We nearly did. Mary fell on her face during a lunge relay and I was frozen in moral dilemma—do I help her or take her picture? (I helped her. Like a sucker.) She kicked my ass by actually running the entire 4 miles at varying speeds and inclines (who knew that these machines go up to level 15?).

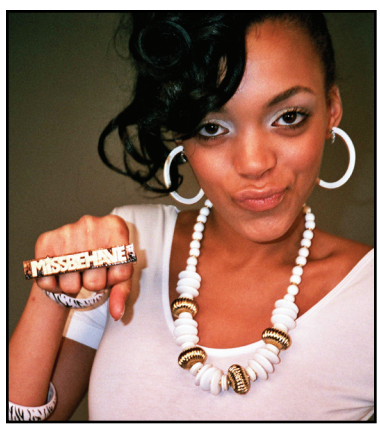
We shimmied in Tribal Belly Dancing, with middle-aged women with mesmerizing sequined sashes. I am freakishly skilled at undulating (I used to be a Hula Hoop champion. True story) and won that round. Then it was Pilates which I'm a virgin at. Despite my "never did it before" handicap, we declared that Mary won because her core is strong like a man's. Or a beast of burden's. Showered, satisfied, and both feeling pounds lighter, we retired to where all supremely healthy beings dine—Johnny Rockets. Mary paid 'cause I won. And 'cause, well, she always does. —*Olivia Allin*

ZEUS

Throughout my career of DILF (Dad I'd Like to Fuck) doing, I've always kept my ultimate goal in mind. My end, the biggest game to my hunting, the dad I most desperately want to do is Zeus. I learned special breathing techniques and invested in a potpourri of muscle relaxers and I think I'm finally ready. It's going to be freaky. Zeus's exploits are stuff of myth (literally!)—marrying siblings, shagging daughters, and one time even going so far as to stealing a extraordinarily young Trojan prince by the name of Ganymede to indulge in some Nambla-style pederasty. OK. I know what you're thinking. That it's wrong for men to coerce very tiny boys but you must understand that the young man was very pretty. He wasn't "asking for it" but surviving texts compare him to a more "butch Jude Law" so you can appreciate the magnitude of the temptation. Regardless, I think it was all in the name of some sort of tradition, like how Colin Farrell beds trannies on especially festive occasions.

I'd thought about scaling the 10,000 odd feet of Mount Olympus to woo him then remembered how charmingly frightening/murdery his wife/sister Hera can be. So I thought to compel him to "get his Incubus on" while I slept, like how Lasher sleep-fucked the shit outta the Mayfair witches in those Anne Rice books. I shimmied into my seersucker nightie, lit a Diptyque, fell into an untroubled slumber til I felt his unnaturally cold member between my hot anxious thighs. Straddling sleep and consciousness I delighted in my Deus sex Machina doing all the work. A thunderous plundering, a pantheon of pudenda punishing, a nocturnal emission that would sheer my white sheets—that's what I'd expected. What I got was an incredibly immaculate conception. Zeus was in and out and claimed a "super early meeting" after the wad shot. Fucker.

When I woke, I felt profoundly pregnant. Filled with fear and God splooge, I prayed for insight into his divine plan. This guy's couplings birthed the muses, a bunch of other talented freaks, *and* the Goddess of Strategic War and Heroic Endeavors! The future of mankind could hinge upon this sweet, biracial baby's existence! Then I remembered I'm not big on kids and went with Plan B instead.—*Mary H.K. Choi*



GOOD WOOD

We love "bling" as much as the next person. But here at *Missbehave*, we are feeling a bit modest lately and don't feel like broadcasting our six-figure monthly earnings on our fingers (especially since the IRS might be reading). This is why we got so excited when Good Wood's Kerri O'Connell sent us these custom-made *Missbehave* four-fingered wood rings! They are über-fly, eco friendly, and if you have ink handy you can stamp a bitches face with them! Just kidding. Kinda. Revel in customizable options at goodwoodnyc.com—*Emilia Perez*

GOODWOOD PHOTO: MARLEY KATE. MODEL: DEVYN @ ELITE

Will Poo For Food

Activia yogurt and its probiotic friend Activia cheese balls are for the bowel-challenged set. I do A-OK in the toileting department so I opted to throw the challenge to my girl Gina; who actually suffers from IBS. She picked up a sixer, spooned the bitches down, sat on the toilet and waited. She squeezed, paused; rinsed and repeated. When finished, the gumball floating below her wasn't worth the 4 bucks. 1 out of a possible 5 flushes.—*Sarah Morrison*

KID ROBOT CUT & SEW

I had this nightmare where I was me, but a plasticized version of me, and then there was this crazy rabbit following me around, offering me cigarettes and calling me 'Dun.' I think he was from Queens. Then he punched me in the face with the fall look book from Kid Robot. And just when I thought my trip down the rabbit hole was to continue in black and white, I was blinded by a vibrant kaleidoscope of outrageous color. True to my premonition, Kid Robot is banging out a new cut & sew line that boasts swingy tops, skirts, dresses, and denim. What's better for transforming your sleepy life than a whimsical outfit with a healthy dose of color? Nothing. Not even eating spicy Mexican food right before bed. Silly rabbit. Check it out at kidrobot.com—*Christine Mayrina*

WICCA PEDIA

LOVE POTIONS

Growing up, "spirituality" meant nothing to me. Religion was something that R.E.M. sang about, heaven was where my Grandma lived, and God was some dude who looked like Santa, only thinner and with a blue hat instead of a red one. While I still don't belong to any religious sect or denomination, my spiritual life has evolved. But it's not boring like temple or church, it's fun! It involves sparkly things like crystals and dream-catchers. Sometimes I'm lazy about it, sometimes I'm skeptical but more often than not, I'm pretty serious about it. I enjoy learning from different avenues of the spiritual life, from Buddhism to Heaven's Gate (even though they disbanded in 1997).

When I first got obsessed with Wicca I felt embarrassed and wouldn't tell anyone (*The Craft*? Chanting to "Manon"? No.). That lasted for 2.9 seconds because I have a high threshold for embarrassment and besides, being a witch is awesome. As I write this I'm sitting in one of my favorite crystal stores, drinking rose quartz-infused iced tea whilst placing my new favorite vibrating stone Charoite to my third eye (that's the 6th Chakra btw). Is this me? I'm not wearing flowy white linens or a bindi. My shoes are A.P.C. not Birkenstock. Maybe it's because I'm a Pisces, although get me on a different day and I'll tell you horoscopes are bullshit.

Anyway, I'd been having trouble with this guy I'm dating, so I go to Enchantments (E9th Street and 1st Avenue) and allow the pimply, pierced college student that works there to mix me up a love tincture. Let's just say I was pretty desperate to resort to such measures. Maybe it's pathetic to get the guy I like to like me back with a potion. Pathetic? How about quirky, since we all know that "quirky" actually means impatient and obsessive. Rather than suffer through the pain of not getting what I want when I want, I bought a potion. So? The potion is designed specifically for getting the one you like to not stop thinking about you. It's called "Love Haunt" and smells like a cross between that old perfume Chantilly and my aunt Sharon. I like it!

I shit you not, this guy went from not returning my calls and telling me to "please stop iChatting him" to practically moving in. Today he went out and bought me milk! He Swiffered the floor and instead of getting wasted with his friends, took me to a movie! We've had sex thrice already and it's only 6pm! Either this potion worked too well, or he liked me a lot to begin with and I was being crazy but FUCK THAT.

Truth is, maybe it didn't work at all; it might be a coincidence. It might be psychosomatic. Does it matter? It certainly made me feel better. I obsessed less and felt more confident, and maybe as a result I became more attractive? That's something. The trick isn't how the potion works for you, but how you work for the potion. The real wizardry isn't in the potion itself, but how well magic and me work together as a team.

One can also argue (cue eye-rolling) that by putting the oil on my skin, I'm focusing my energy on what I want and believing it to happen. Energy + Oil + My Body Chemistry is released into the universe with a scent. You can smell me on the streets, in the wind; I'm everywhere! ("Hail, guardians of the watchtowers of the east!").

They have a bunch of different oils at Enchantments, so if you want to try this (I know you do) make sure you like the way it smells before you buy it. For $6 you might just be an olfactory sensation away from a fantasy fuck. Be careful what you wish for, and happy love haunting.

—*Lesley Arfin*

CULTIST SITE OVERHAUL!

I love the Internets. I really do. To the point that if it were to say, "Hey, you! I know of this great place, but the only way to get there is to rock black and white Nike Cortezs, wear a black shirt and sweats and lie on a bunk bed after sipping on some Phenobarbital!" I'd do it. Twice. Speaking of cultliness, the Cultist shop just made the web even more compelling! It got a super-chic revamp, and is stocked and fully loaded with brands like Cheap Monday, Fremont, CTRL, Beckerman, Sunshine & Shadow, Quail, and Judi Rosen. Plus, you can get your creep on via the new blog, and even get your own shine with a member profile! I don't think they stock old Nikes or know the way to the spaceship, but I'm so ready to join. cultistshop.com

—*Christine Mayrina*

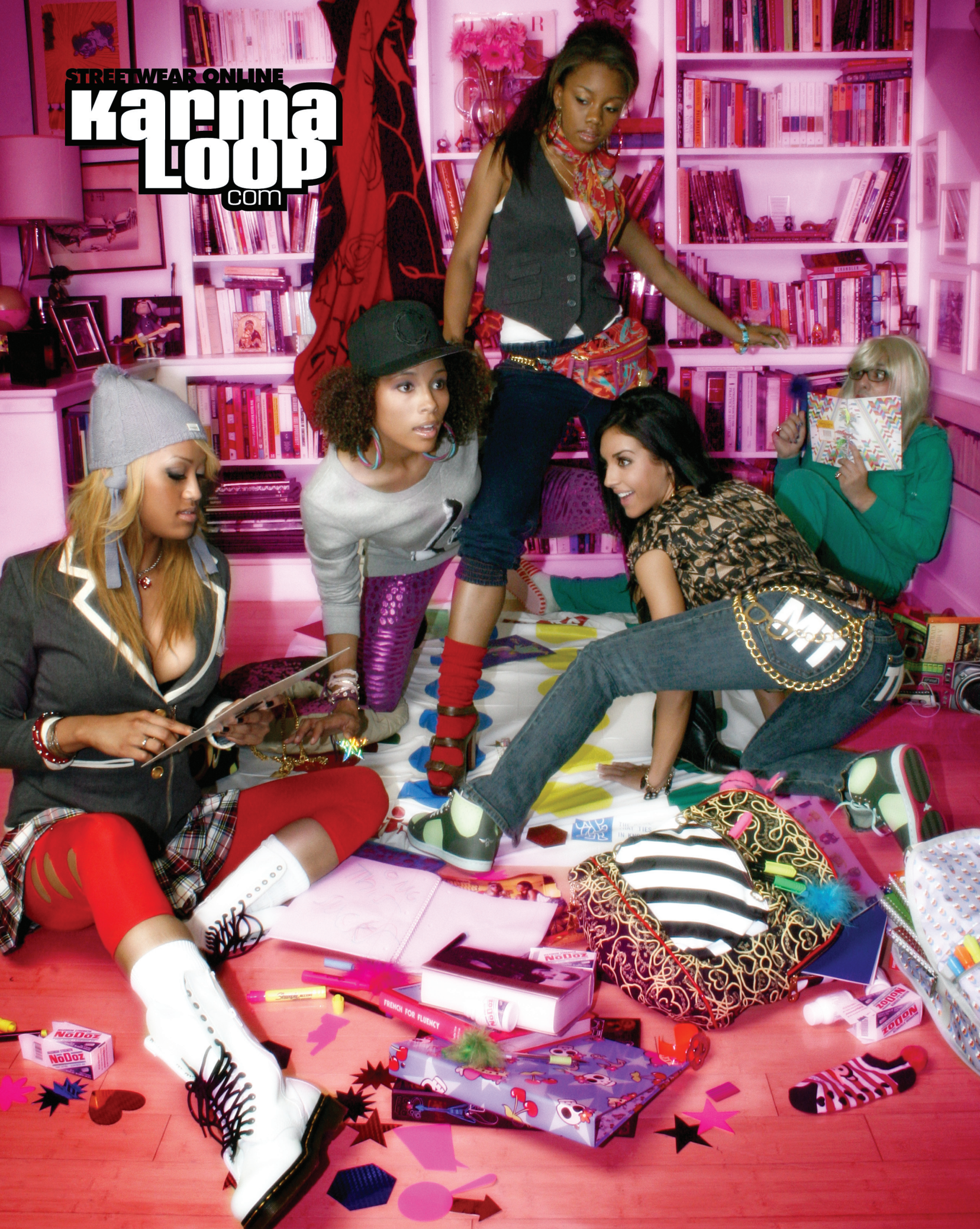

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PHOTO: **CARLIN MAYER** STYLE: **BETSEY McLAIN**

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See **Buy It Now!** for details on page 96

Animal House

Feral Fashion

Jeans by **Deréon**, Shirt by **Trash & Luxury**, Bracelets by **Cubannie Links**, Sneakers by **Adidas**

Bracelet by **Cubannie Links**

Jacket by **Rockers NYC**

Glasses by **Selima Optique**

Lingerie set by **Spree Girl**

Jeans by **Tripp NYC**

Tee by **Made Me**

Skytop sneakers by **Supra**

Hoodie by **Pa:nuu**

Vest by **Akademiks**

Mini wallet by **Burton**

Heel by **Steve Madden**

Skirt by **Luxirie**

PHOTO: **CHRIS SHONTING**

STYLE: **ROSE GARCIA**

MODEL: KIM MATULOVA . MAKEUP: JOY FENNELL FOR M.A.C., HAIR: LYDIA O'CARROLL @ LYDIAOCARROLL.COM USING KÉRASTASE, OTHERSTILLLIFE: EDUARDO JUAREZ, SPECIAL THANKS: BATHHOUSE STUDIOS

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PHOTO: **JIMMY FONTAINE**

Rush of Blood

To The Mouth

Boots by **Diesel**

Boots by **Jessica Simpson**

Swabs by **BD**

STYLE: **ROSE GARCIA**

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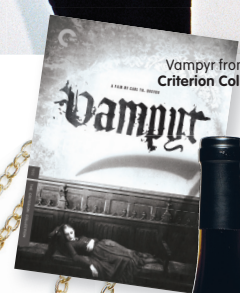

Vampyr from **The Criterion Collection**

Dracula Syrah by **Vampire**

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MODEL: BERNADETTE @ RED NYC MODELS, MAKEUP: ERIN MCCARTHY FOR MAKE UP FOR EVER, HAIR: MARQ MCDONALD, SPECIAL THANKS: STUDIO 385

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Top row: Color block heel by **Miss Sixty,** Burgundy oxford by **Opening Ceremony,** Penny loafer by **Charlotte Ronson**
Bottom row: Boot by **Vicini by Giuseppe Zanotti,** Mary Jane by **Jessica Simpson,** Saddle shoe by **Penny Loves Kenny**

Teacher's Ped

Preppy Feet

PHOTO: **CARLIN MAYER** STYLE: **ROSE GARCIA**

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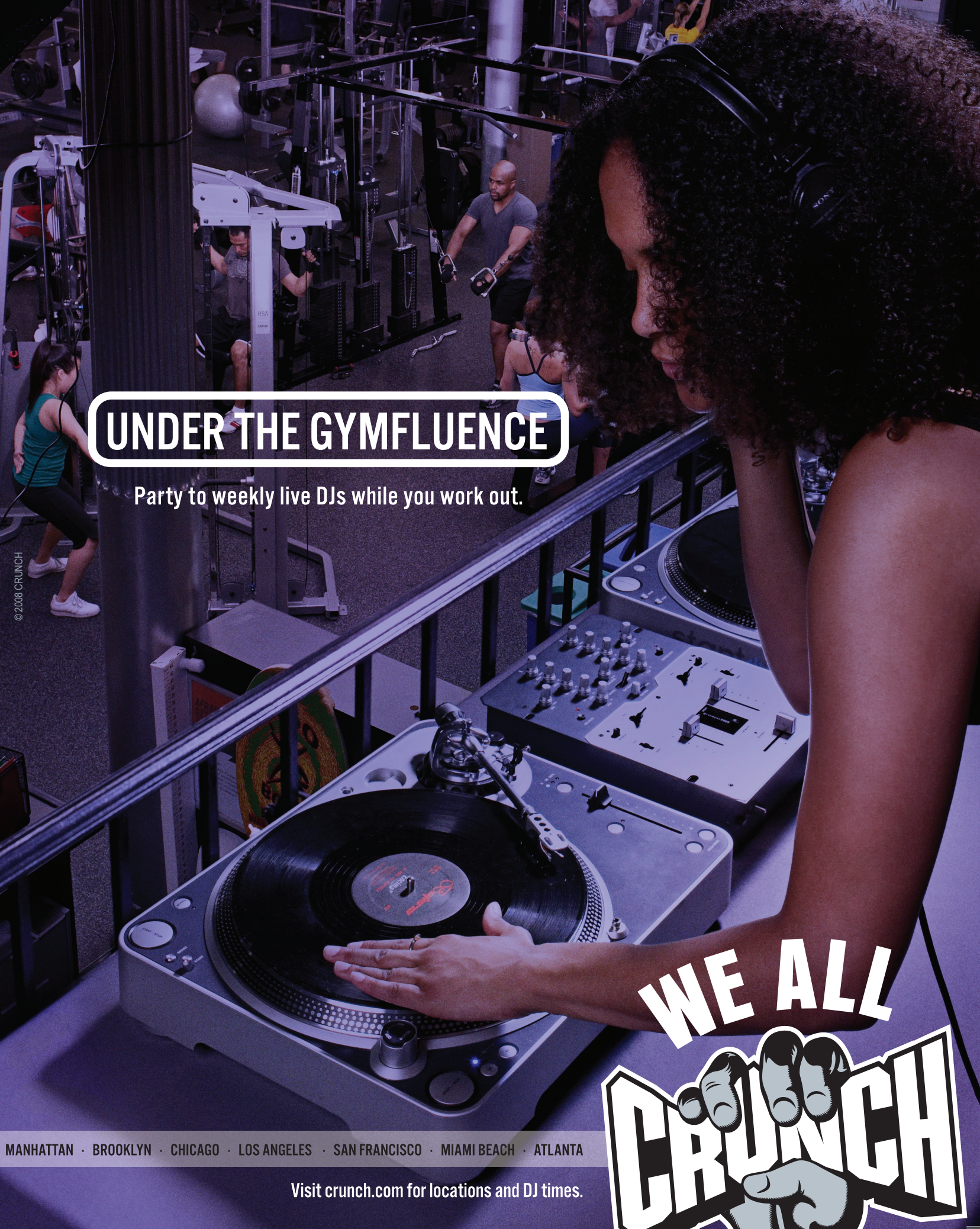
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PHOTOS: **CHRIS SHONTING**

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Nina Hagen ist Rad

PHOTO: **JIMMY FONTAINE**

STYLE: **BETSEY McLAIN**

Ma Dame by **Jean Paul Gaultier**

BAD gal eyeliner by **Benefit Cosmetics**

Perversion liner by **Urban Decay**

Lid Neon eyeshadow by **Pop Beauty**

Bois Bleu Ombres Essentielles by **Chanel**

Silky Orange eyeshadow by **Vincent Longo**

Antique Green pigment eyeshadow by **M.A.C.**

Black Phenomen'Eyes mascara by **Givenchy**

Coy lipgloss by **Smashbox**

Limelight, Danceteria, Palladium, and Area lipstick by **Three Custom Color**

Bra by **Damsel**, Swimsuit by **Rosa Cha**

MODEL: ZUZANNA @ NEXT, MAKEUP: ERIN MCCARTHY FOR MAKE UP FOR EVER., HAIR: MARQ MCDONALD, SPECIAL THANKS: STUDIO 385

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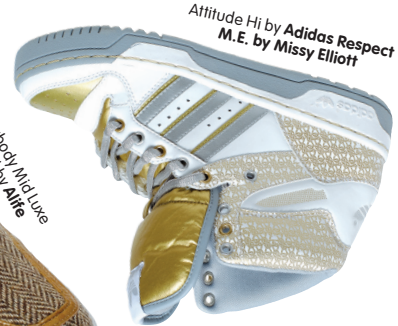
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PHOTO: **JIMMY FONTAINE**

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PHOTO: ROMAIN B. JAMES

Andrea Crews Rag & Bone Woman

With a kaleidoscopic line of clothes created entirely from thrift store finds and fashion cast-offs, Andrea Crews lives in a universe where style is made, not bought, and post-consumer culture reigns supreme. An art and fashion collective—not a person—Andrea Crews was founded in 2441 by French native Maroussia Rebecq, 30, whose initial inspiration came from a dilemma shared by shoppers worldwide: insufficient funds. "I was an art student and I was poor. So how do you buy clothes when you have no money?" asks Rebecq. "You get second-hand clothes. You have to find your own way to get what you want." And that's exactly what she's done.

After graduating from the Bordeaux School of Fine Arts, Rebecq started Andrea Crews and has been traveling the world ever since with a combination of fashion shows, performance art, and workshops for the public. Spanning from Germany to Mexico, these workshops teach attendees to share and transform their unwanted clothes. "We're showing people an alternative way for fashion to function," says Rebecq, who is now looking to hold her first workshop in NYC. "We use different outfits and different body shapes. I see a lot of people arrive feeling super shy and end up feeling so confident." Rebecq's mission is both stylish and social. "[Andrea Crews] is green, very environmental. I'm a sexy activist. We're recycling unwanted clothes, but we're also showing that changing the way you do things doesn't have to be boring."

So what exactly does she find boring? "High fashion. It's not all that creative—it's always the same," says Rebecq, who considers herself a part of the art community. "When you get dressed up, you can step outside yourself and your typical behavior, but people don't usually think about that. The idea behind Andrea Crews is to help people create a new way of relating to the world."—*Laura Hudson*

Hanni El Khatib

Bay Area Babe Alert

When I first met Hanni El Khatib, he pretended to make out with me to thwart some date rapist who'd followed me out of Uncle Ming's in the East Village. Back then (years before the BAPE bonanza), he rocked an allover print tee of crack vials and coke baggies. El Khatib had designed it for his first collection for HUF, a store in San Francisco. Its owner, Keith Hufnagel, is a pro skater (for those who don't know). The print was inspired by "the drugs and crack shit you find lying on the streets of the Tenderloin [district]," the neighborhood where HUF is located.

Despite the crack shrapnel, the 27-year-old SF native loves living where the most conspicuous groups are: crazy homeless people, so-politically-correct-they're-actually-racist yuppies, and Gothabilly dudes with bad tattoos. "It's not too slow, not too fast, and still gritty. The city hasn't been on the map in terms of fashion or music since the '60s and I want to be here when it does," says El Khatib. His musical career reflects the diversity of the Bay—playing with the electro rock band Her Space Holiday and producing remixes for Kool Keith and Pharoahe Monch. El Khatib, who has played guitar since he was 11, is releasing his first solo album, *Will The Guns Come Out,* this fall.

On *Guns…,* the American sound of the fifties is the biggest influence. "I'm obsessed with the classics," states Hanni. "I wanted to do a stripped-down Americana record—kind of folk and country—but when I got into it, the acoustic got swapped out for an electric guitar with feedback so I kept going in that direction."

"Loved One," is straightforward with its early Rock 'n Roll riffs. "It felt more natural for me to record the songs really raw and leave in the mistakes." "Build Destroy Rebuild" has a wasted youth element—a mid-sixties feel from those nomadic years when garage punk was moving west. Not yet American hardcore, the sound is still raw and messy, with that curt manner of production where you get your new favorite hooks and riffs in under three minutes. "Fuck It You Win," abbreviates old Hendrix and takes an electronic turn. Fast and catchy, it's the chick favorite, ensuring its way onto dancefloors. El Khatib is unsigned so listen up A&R: we've found your future star. Myspace.com/hannielkhatib.com—*Aviva Yael*

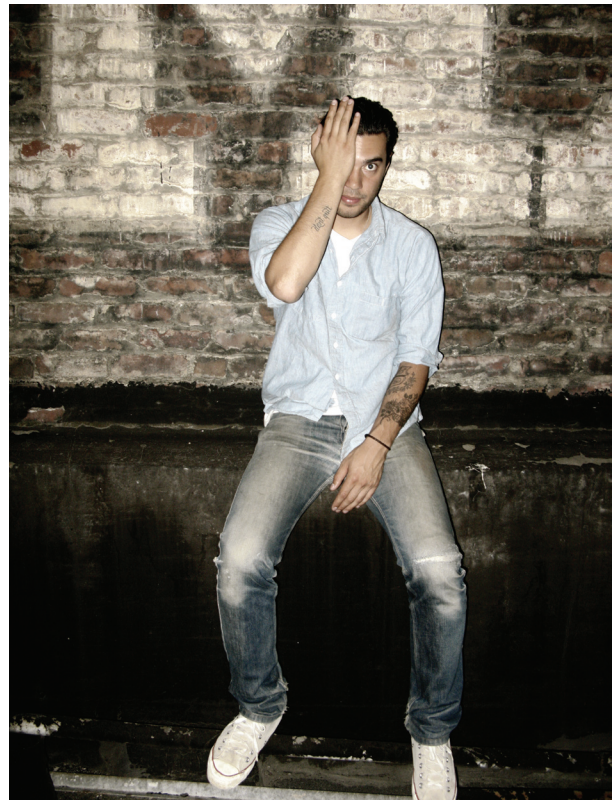

PHOTO: **JORDANE CHENG**

Woodhands

Golden Touch

Woodhands' music is like the hot, accidental sex you have with the office IT guy. You lure him out of boredom, expecting to engage in, at most, "just the tip," only to find yourself in a full-on flailing motorboat session that leaves your inner thighs wobbly and bruised.

Such is the performance of the Canadian electro-pop trio comprised of Paul Banwatt, Dan Werb, and producer Roger Leavens. By day, Paul studies intellectual property law while Dan conducts AIDS research. The fellas' smarty-pants careers and *Weird Science* aesthetic (Gary! Wyatt!) may seem like these guys don't know how to get down. On the contrary, they infuse boatloads of energy into their show and feature myriad musical styles. Paul's death-metal drum riffs clash beautifully with his eerily Thom Yorke-ish, saccharine vocals, and Dan crafts anachronism with a keytar, and a Peter Frampton-style vocoder, while yelping like a punk-inspired Bobcat Goldthwait (yes, the dude from *Police Academy 2*). Woodhands doesn't use samples or looped beats, so no song is performed the same way: "Our songs can end up being twice as long because we improvise according to the crowd's reaction," says Paul, who sometimes expands this improvisations to include a rap.

Although Dan, 28, is a classically-trained pianist, he found electronica at 23. Shortly thereafter, Dan hooked up with Paul, 27, to record the single "Heart Attack" on Paper Bag Records. Although just Dan and Paul tour, both give heavy credit to Roger. "Every song is infused with Roger Leavens" Paul notes, "He's the Doc to our McFly."

So what's in a name? What to do with hands of wood? Dan felt if he only sang, that he wouldn't be an adequate performer. To be one with the "roots" of the tree (or instrument), was if he himself had hands of wood (i.e., if he played and sang at once). Deep stuff. With gyrations and guttural noises, we'd thought it a nod to hairy palms or the a.m. activities of teenage boys. "No, it doesn't have to do with that," Dan smirks, "but we DO fuck the shit out of our instruments." Give them a listen at woodhands.com—*Randi Brown*

PHOTO: **MATT SALACUSE**

MAKEUP: JOY FENNELL FOR M.A.C. COSMETICS, HAIR: ANTONIO VELOTA, MODEL: KAYLA KAMSTRA @ TRUMP, EARRINGS: ERIKA PEÑA

Christian Joy

Stylishly Happy

Christian Joy is the designer/stylist/bestie behind Karen O's deliriously flashy stage costumes. The 34-year-old petite brunette laboriously adorns the Yeah Yeah Yeah's rock goddess frontwoman in prom gowns, skeleton suits, and dangly pasta-bead dresses and she's recently picked up the gig outfitting the scraggly Brit boys of the Klaxons.

The product of born-again Christian parents, Christian Joy (née Christiane Joy Hultquist) finds pleasure in the fact that if you Google her name she comes up on top. "Fire and brimstone aren't the [lead] sites!" she exclaims. While she didn't inherit religious zeal, her mother did have a similar DIY touch and always looked more "Charlie's Angels" than "Middle-America Mom." It makes perfect sense that CJ's love for fashion began with the basic act of sewing on buttons, to jazz up her jeans in high school.

Flash forward 15 or so years, and this Brooklyn resident (via Iowa), who met Karen O while working at downtown boutique Daryl K, has gone on to create a capsule collection for Topshop and her own eponymous ready-to-wear collection—which in comparison to her unrestrained costume designs, focuses on muted tones and fresh silhouettes. It's a look that's very much in sync with the way Joy herself dresses. "I like simple, almost a 'quirky-old-lady-with-the-funny-hat-and-sunglasses' look." The designer explains, "I feel more inspired by that than something avant-garde. Classic with a twist."

While her most recent collection cites offbeat influences from British pop group Thompson Twins to Minnie Pearl from "Hee Haw," Joy admits that her sense of style has, for better or worse, evolved from the fashion nightmares of her past: "My mom used to make me wear all these hideous clothes as a kid, like a pair of burgundy corduroy culottes. It's come full circle—the things my mom wanted to make me wear then, now I think, 'I would totally wear that.'" christianjoy.us

—Leann Peterson

PHOTOS: **JIMMY FONTAINE** STYLE: **ROSE GARCIA**

Sky Ferreira

Hurricane Lolita

Prior to meeting 16-year-old Sky Ferreira in her hometown of LA, I mentally envision a sketchy Roman Polanski-esque aftermath to our first encounter. The V-card-holding model and soon-to-be-pop star chills in LA clubs that I can't even get into. She can hold engaging conversations with people twice her age. She's gospel-trained with the same vocal range as Mariah Carey and prefers Sarah Brightman to Cat Power. What's not to desire? It's practically a setup for "To Catch a Predator."

"There was like, this 40-year-old singer from Europe," says Sky, "and he goes 'You're 15? Can I put my head between your knees?' I was like, 'Oh my God, I'm going to throw up.' Older guys like my braces, and I'm like, 'You're gross.'" Sky's not well-trained in the art of girly. She can't walk in heels and doesn't wear makeup, "I'm really lazy when it comes to that stuff, but I just want people to know I don't smell. I don't brush my hair but I shower." Sky says, following the beauty regimen of that *other* LA Internet "muse."

While Sky is just too damn young for me to want my head between her knees, I kinda do want to buy her a milkshake and have her sing to me like she did for Michael Jackson when she was 11, "I sang some gospel for him and he cried. I was surprised. That was when I realized I wanted to do this."

And do this she did. Listening to her MySpace track "God Bless," I think "OMG, you got some pipes on you, girlfriend!" when normally I neither say "OMG" or "girlfriend!" I imagine her in some lounge, leaning on a piano looking all cabaret, singing to a bunch of lonely local older dudes who may not even be paying attention, but are really in the zone and wishing/thinking she was singing to them.

At 15, Sky used the Internet to stalk and write letters to everyone she wanted to get her music to, including Swedish producing team, Bloodshy & Avant, who actually wrote back, asked for a demo, and liked it. The result: Sky will be heading to Europe to begin recording her first album with them this fall. "I'm very good business-wise and at promoting myself. I make sure to respond to every single person who writes me. The kids in Illinois and Venezuela—those are the kids that are going to go out and buy your album or actually see you live, whereas people here in LA are just going to steal it off Limewire." This giggly earnest innocence might be a schtick, but truly, you can't knock her hustle.—*Rob Brink*

Glasses by **Jeremy Scott**

PHOTO: **STEPHEN K SCHUSTER** STYLE: **COSTUME DEPT.**

PHOTO: **RONY ALWIN**

Clark Duke Duke of Haphazard

23-year-old actor Clark Duke (the third) is living the good life. He's been blessed with the chance to pursue his passions for Hollywood, rock stardom, and comic books. You might recognize Clark as Michael Cera's best friend in real life and their hilarious and amazing Internet TV show, "Clark and Michael". He's been acting since the ripe age of 7 in "Hearts Afire" as John Ritter's (RIP) son and now the Arkansas native stars as a redneck Christian virgin in "Greek"—the best ABC Family show. Ever. And as with everything, Clark makes the character wildly endearing. "It's not that far off of where I'm from. I'm from the South and I'm Baptist and everything, but I'm no lunatic—I don't have the rebel flag up in my room."

With the show entering its second season this fall, Clark will also star in two movies, *Sex Drive* and *A Thousand Words,* which is currently filming and stars Eddie Murphy. "That's when things got really surreal…" remembers Duke, "I was at Prince's house and Eddie came up and gave me one of those handshake hugs." Despite the obvious perks, this Southern gentleman has other career goals, "I really want to write and direct. I went to film school, and I wasn't aspiring to act as much as I do now—it's kind of by virtue of being in "Clark and Michael". But it seems like, to me, making good film is not something you can teach. You can't teach taste."

Apparently, you can't teach moderation either, Clark is big on starting bands—there was his band with Michael Cera called The Long Goodbye, a cravat-wearing band with Kristen Bell called Kung Fu Professor (which is at press time still percolating), and a new band called Here Come the Warm Jets. But the movies, TV, and music have only whet his appetite for more projects, "I love comic books, so now I'm writing. I love Oni Press. It's been my dream to have a comic. All my hobbies have turned into work, actually, it's the best possible existence." With such an enviable life, I would totally hate him if he weren't so lovable…stupid disarming Southern accents. Catch what you may have missed at clarkandmichael.com—*Olivia Allin*

Kim Ann Foxman

Portions for Foxes

Sometimes last names are misnomers, but not in the case of Ms. Foxman. The 31-year-old DJ and jewelry maker is really quite stunning. Um, despite not being a guy. Kim is a member of the musical project Hercules and Love Affair whose first album dropped in June. Along with Andy Butler, Nomi, and Antony Hegarty, the collective re-imagines house music and disco and slays the European charts.

Hercules is on tour 90 percent of the time, but Kim Ann manages to maintain both a relationship and a self-named jewelry line in Brooklyn. Born and raised in Honolulu, Kim's parents were both in the jewelry business, which Kim didn't intend to fall into, "Because I grew up in it, I hated it. I would work at my dad's factory throughout the summers." While taking a metal arts class in San Francisco, Kim's sculptures kept shrinking, "I started working smaller. I naturally excelled in that, so I made it my thing."

The resulting line of intricate pendants are purveyed at Opening Ceremony and Oak, "I like old classic things like shields and coats of arms. I have books on animals and heraldry, and all kinds of timeless stuff." Kim Ann keeps most of her tools in her home studio including a torch, two grinders, chemicals, and gear for soldering and polishing.

Her new offerings feature crystal pendants that are super limited edition since they have to be made by hand, "I use crystals that are very hard to find. Like these weird ones from Brazil and then these other weird, really trippy ones that I got off this lady who was really into UFOS. I buy them and just hold on to them until I have time to work."

It's hard to choose between the music and the jewels but girl crush aside, it's obvious that Kim is extremely talented. With a kitty fanny pack over a shoulder, it quickly became very necessary to ask about her style. "I'm kind of a fashion fag, in a weird way. I guess my style icon would be a fashionable gay boy, like one of our back up dancers, Shane. He has a clothing line, Hood By Air, and has dressed us a lot. He's like a Vogueing guy and I think he's amazing."

And while she didn't have any insider insight as to why there are so many lesbian DJs, Kim did want to give Ms. Lohan a shout out, "Hi Lindsay, if you're there!" —*Olivia Allin*

Jacket by **Buckler**, Glasses by **Ksubi**

MAKEUP: NICOLE HEFFRON

PHOTO: **BROOKE NIPAR** STYLE: **ALLISON MILLER**

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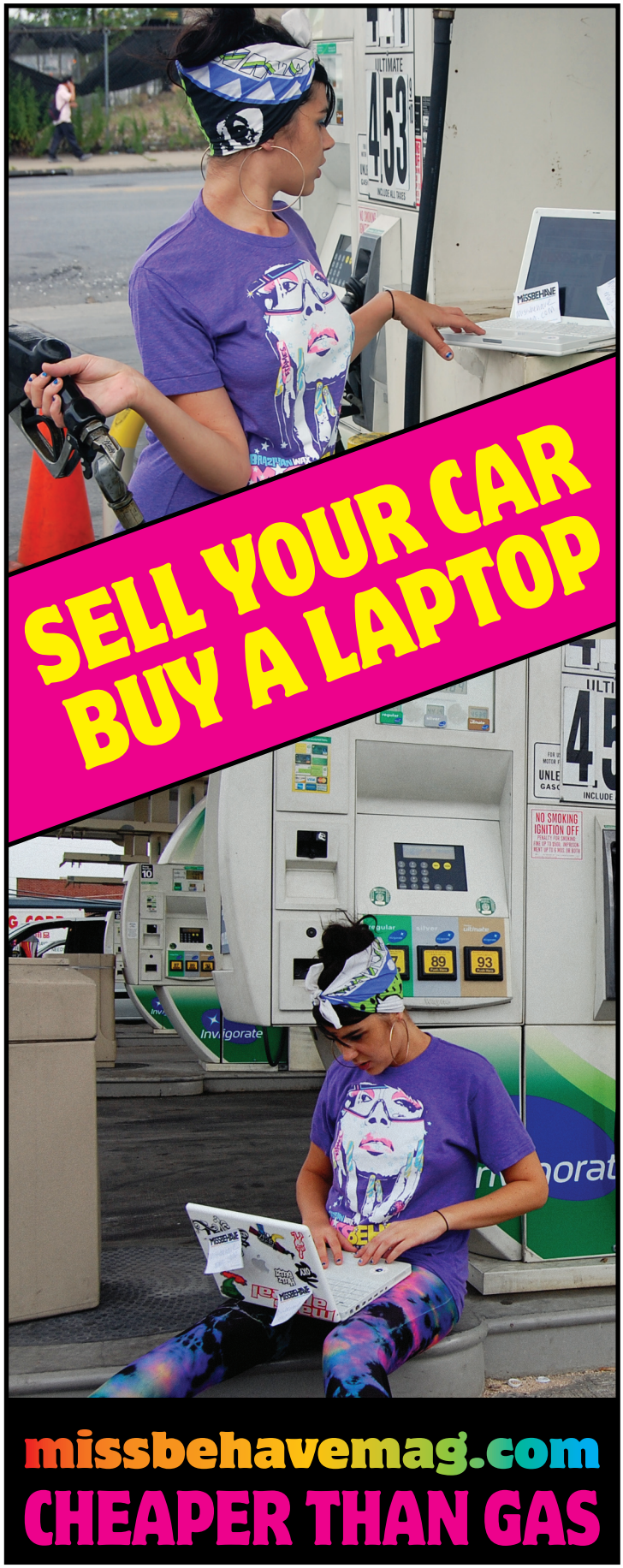
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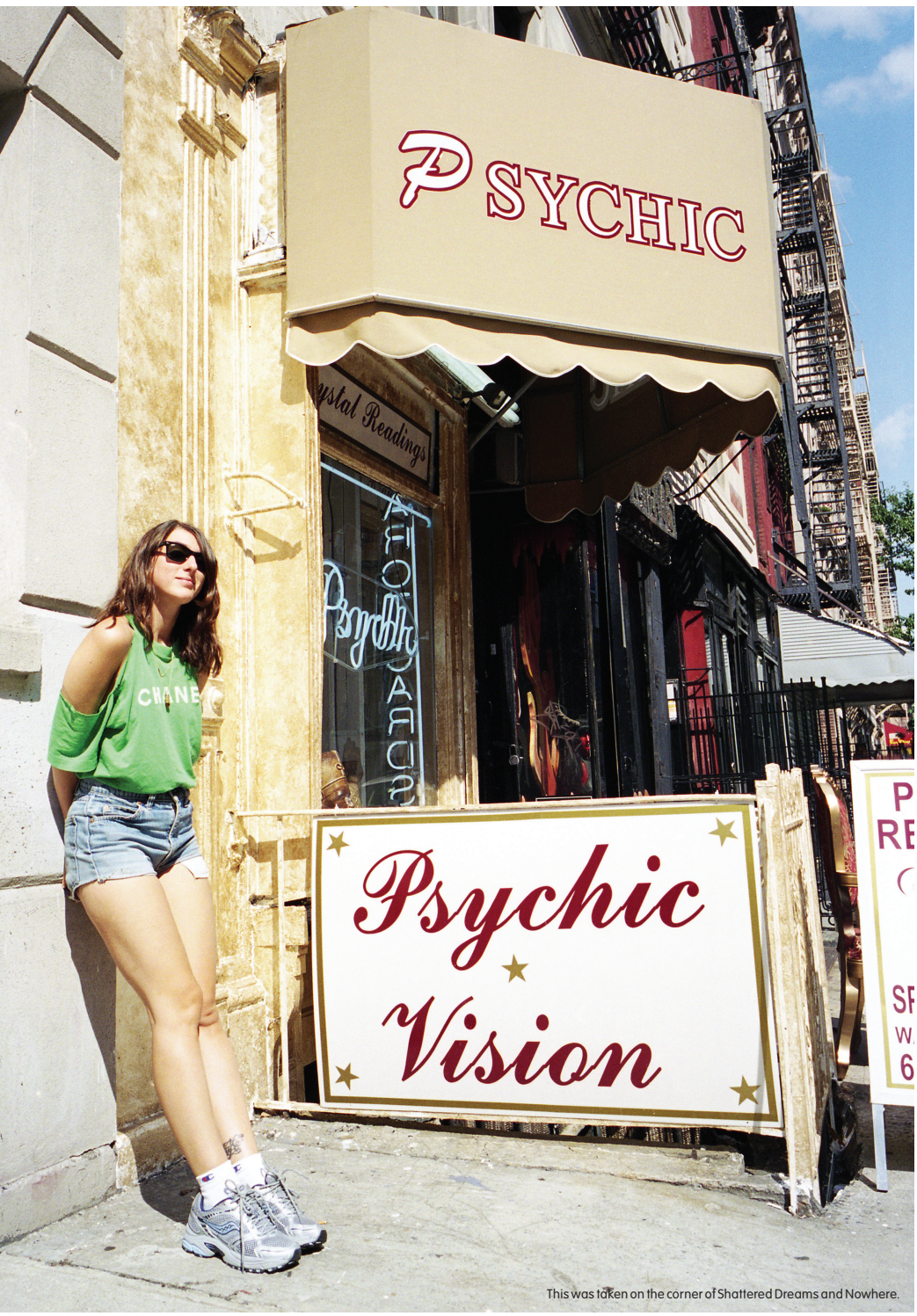

This was taken on the corner of Shattered Dreams and Nowhere.

The Psychic of Woonsocket is a heavyset Asian woman who rubs the belly of Buddha, while cats roam the pee-soaked living room. She chain-smokes throughout the reading—her stubbed-out cigs forming a mountain. It's pretty great, just like the movies. She shuffles playing cards instead of Tarot and it's pay-as-you-go. I sit across from her. I wear long sleeves so she won't see my tattoos (psychics see them and love telling me how "strong" and "independent" I am). I'm skeptical, but willing not to be. The Oracle has me pick the first card and when I flip it, she stares into my soul and says, "The boy you with today? He not The One. The boy you with before? He The One."

At that moment, two years ago, I hated psychics forever. "The One"? How dare she tell me that! And have me doubt my entire summer vacation? The nerve! Whether or not she was right, she ruined my day. Turns out, she was both right *and* wrong. She'd read what I 'd been thinking at the time, and it wasn't a state I wanted to be in. The Psychic of Woonsocket told me that I'd "worked with medicine" (false, unless by "working with medicine", she meant "took lots of drugs") and on the ride home, I vowed never to go back.

Cut to this article. The idea? Visit three psychics, see what they say, and compare notes. I liken it to a trip to the dentist for a root canal. In the wrong tooth. When I didn't need a root canal to begin with. It's not that I want to prove these women wrong, it's that I want them so badly to be right. Hey, do me a favor and blow my mind. Blow it like you're a crack-whore and my brain just paid you 5 dollars.

Had I the budget, I'd have booked New York's most prestigious psychics, the ones who help cops with kidnappings and the like. But I have to go to gypsies, the ones sprinkled throughout the East Village as frequently as Duane Reade pharmacies. The ones we usually ignore because we assume they're full of shit. I want to know for sure. I have a fantasy of discovering a secret, cheap, amazing visionary for all you cute-but-broke ladies.

First up is Nicole. Nicole works out of a storefront on 2nd Street. She's pretty and young, with long black hair and Hawaiian-Tropic skin. I haggle her for $50 and she agrees to do my cards and read my palm. Nicole says I'll live a healthy life until 91 or 92. I've heard that from The Psychic of Woonsocket but it might be a universal thing psychics say. No one wants to hear "You're going to die at age 47 from liver failure." Nicole says I am independent (unfortunately it is 95 degrees

"It's not that I want to prove these women wrong, I want them so badly to be right."

WORDS: **LESLEY ARFIN** PHOTOS: **CHRIS SHONTING**

Miss Rita didn't remember when she saw me on her stoop. She also didn't remember to have psychic powers.

and my tattoos are visible), stubborn (sure), that I try to please people and have a good heart, but that I get taken advantage of (not sure).

She says that I'm seeing a man with the first initial "G" and that while I'm drawn to him, my spirit isn't (shockingly 100 percent true), that my 3rd eye (the 6th chakra) needs to be opened (in India, a guru told me the same thing free of charge), that my heart chakra (the 4th) is closed, and that my mother had trouble giving birth to me (on my birthday my mom tells me how quick and easy labor was). When I disagree, she says, "Well, there was trouble in the womb," and quickly adds, "emotionally." She continues that next year I will have a change of address, that I will have three children, two boys and one girl (Woonsocket told me "many children, maybe four."), that I'm supposed to be married at 29 (that's how old I am and am currently single-ish), and that I will revisit a past relationship.

Truth is, Nicole is sort of on point but *then* she suggests I come back to get my 6th chakra cleared. This entails lighting candles, crystal, meditating, and $450. WTF? Then she shrugs and says, "If you don't let me do it, you'll miss your soul mate." I'm outraged and leave. She also won't let me use the bathroom.

The next candidate, Miss Rita, is not only *not* nice, she is wrong about everything. I feel embarrassed for her. I want her to get something right, but her rudeness (due to insecurity in her lack of psychic abilities) takes over and I no longer care. Plus, she is uncomfortable about me taking notes. Usually the psychic tape-records the session. It's psychic etiquette. Miss Rita overcharges me $40 and can't give a shit. Come on Miss Rita, try! Tell me I'll live a long life, something! Nothing. Here's how Rita misses the mark. She says that I'm a painter (nope), she tells me there's a man in my life with the letter "J"? "A"? The letter "W"? (no to all three), she informs me that I've been hurt by my last boyfriend (actually, I broke up with him and hurt him pretty bad), and that someone close to me has recently passed (Wrong. Again.). Miss Rita tells me my friends are talking shit about me behind my back (oh, you think?) and that my dreams "mean something," so I should write them down.

She had a 50/50 shot of fucking up and did quite well. I will take her word for it that my friends are NOT talking shit about me and I will never write down my dreams because they mean NOTHING. So in a way… thank you Miss Rita on Kenmare and Mott.

The third is the best, not because she is right (although she is more right than the previous two), but she is charming and I let my guard down. This is good business and Miss Kitty, if not a woman with extreme supernatural powers, knows how to make money. Incidentally, she is the least expensive ($35) and gives me the most time. Her shop on Mott and Broome is the biggest and cleanest and she seems genuinely happy I am there. She isn't overexcited to make money (Nicole) and isn't bummed that she is missing an episode of "The Biggest Loser" (Miss Rita). Plus she has a super cute name.

Miss Kitty says I'll live long until age 83 or 84 (I buy it), that my 3rd eye needs to be opened by meditation and yoga (not $450! And that's three psychics who've said the 3rd eye thing, so I'm sold), that my heart chakra needs work (I'm on it), that in 2009 I'll find stability and become a 'real New Yorker,' (not sure what this means but I enjoy it), that I'm good with people, and should be a counselor or teacher (I recently applied to grad school for counseling!), that I'm in a love triangle and dealing with feelings for two guys (100 percent correct), and that one boy is younger and one is older (true). She also says the younger is more into me than the older (not true, they're both obsessed with me equally. JK.) and then dispenses general advice about relationships ("Stop looking for the challenge blah blah blah…"). Then she goes on some tangent about how we're in a spiritual war with technology (yawn).

Can psychics see our future? Maybe. They're pretty in-tune with the present and it's not because they're masters at body language (trust me, these woman aren't smarter than you or me) but cunning perhaps, and maybe a bit intuitive. But we're all intuitive, I'm convinced that if I wanted to make a living as a psychic, I could. We all have a sixth sense—some of us are just more willing to shop it around. If you're looking for someone to tell you what you already know—go to a gypsy psychic. Hey, sometimes we need that. After this experiment, I can understand how seeing my present situation may be beneficial, even if it makes me angry. And this is why I'm in therapy. The end. ★

Miss Kitty was great. She predicted I would have shiny legs all summer long.

OFFICE CRUSH

Mindy Kaling's On Her Job

Mindy Kaling is so great that it's not enough to say she's awesome, you have to say she's "orsum." And then you have to say "Orsum Welles." Because "The Office", which she writes and acts for, is the *Citizen Kane* of sitcoms. Yeah, we said it. Before she landed the plummest gig in all of Los Angeles, the 29-year-old co-wrote and –starred in the Off-Broadway hit "Matt and Ben" (as in, Matt Damon and Ben Affleck, wherein she played Ben), and appeared in *The 40 Year Old Virgin* as Paul Rudd's hilario ex-girlfriend. Now, though, she's the most visible female comedy writer outside the "SNL" cabal, and blows off creative steam by blogging furiously about the things she's bought (and turning her blog, "Things I've Bought That I Love," into a coffee table book). At this point, I could quote her gushing over a pair of Louboutins, but I have a Y chromosome and am not Jigga. Anyway, if I wasn't boring and in love with my wife, I'd do filthy things to Mindy Kaling. She's amazing.

So you were born Vera Chokalingam. The Kaling we get, but where did the Mindy come from? When my mom was pregnant with me, they lived in Nigeria, and one of the only American shows that came over to Lagos was "Mork & Mindy". They thought that Pam Dawber was sweet and pretty and that Mindy sounded like a playful name. The last name thing happened when I started doing stand-up in New York City—these hack comedians would make a joke because they couldn't pronounce it. It just became so much easier when I shortened it.

So it wasn't the fear of the whole Sanskrit penis jokes (ed: lingam = male sex organ) thing? Wow. You know what, if you're at the level you can make an etymological joke, I wanna date you.

Or maybe I just snuck peeks at the Kama Sutra in junior high. When I was a kid, I wanted to change my name to Butch Travolta. Please outdo me with your own embarrassing childhood aspiration. I wanted to be an astronaut and in 6th grade, this really popular girl named Caitlin said in front of my entire class that astronauts have to be skinny, and I was mortified.

It's funny when body image issues that are hoisted upon you can sway you from your dreams. It's what this country is about. Exactly. I'm on the only show where it's actually possible, and even better, if you're normal looking and maybe slumpy.

STYLING: MOSES MORENO & HOLLAND INGERSOLL @ MARGARET MALDONADO AGENCY, BLUE DRESS BY DIANE VON FURSTENBERG

SHIRT BY ROGAN, SKIRT BY MARC BY MARC JACOBS

"I'm on the only show where it's even better if you're looking slumpy."

WORDS: **PETER RUBIN** PHOTOS: **EMILY SHUR**

So when you decided to be an actress and writer, did your doctor mom just pretend you said "radiologist," or were they cool? My parents are these weird snobs where they didn't necessarily want me to do computer science or be a doctor, but whatever I decided to do, I had to be so fucking good at it that they could brag to their friends.

What you're saying is that you're amazingly good. I was hoping that you would be able to read that. I hope it wasn't that bald.

No, thanks for dropping the breadcrumbs. What's your comedy geek level? I was raised on "Family Ties" and "The Cosby Show" and Dana Carvey. So the embarrassing thing is that what I love the best and laugh at the most is soft comedy. Growing up, the guys that were into comedy liked Andrew Dice Clay and raunchy stuff, while I'm weirdly conservative and wholesome with that.

So how does that translate to today—with that absence of innocuous middle-of-the-road stuff, is there a modern equivalent for you? I'm a sucker for these Adam Sandler movies—but what I hate the most is knock-off Sarah Silverman raunchy jokes told by hot women, where the comedy is supposed to be the juxtaposition of a hot woman saying gross embarrassing things about how she farts and fucks dudes. That, to me, is like alien creatures.

Speaking of aliens, what's up with people who are invested in Jim and Pam's relationship on "The Office", and why can't they develop that same level of fervor for Dwight and Angela? I guess it's because they're both so unbearably cute. When we write the show, we think of it as the Dwight and Michael show, and if we put just a moment of Pam looking at Jim, that's all anybody ever cares about. They're called Jammers is what we've heard from the message boards—Jim and Pam lovers.

Are you heavy on the message boards? Oh yeah, I have a moniker, and I'm like, "Mindy Kaling's episodes are completely underrated!" And everybody's always like, "Why is kaling79 always talking about how much they love Mindy Kaling?"

Which is worse: people who say "that's so funny!" or people who, when you ask them how they're doing, say "ask me once I've had my coffee!"? Oh, the coffee. Because that's a bumper sticker. And universally at this point, you acknowledge the fact that you're horrible.

So, is there anything worse than bumper sticker talkers? Yeah, the worst is the entire crowd of women that went to *Sex and the City.* They're the worst. I quite enjoyed the movie, but what I thought was reprehensible was the gangs of girls that went together, and were like, "I'm Charlotte!" "No, you're Carrie! No, you're Samantha!" I just didn't get the girls wearing the prom-y outfits that had come to see it in clumps. That's probably really mean, but it was just really annoying hearing them cackle at Kim Cattrall being like, "Honey, I came so hard!"

What's the best mythical hybrid creature? A griffin, a harpy, or a centaur? Harpy. It's the only mythical creature that has an adjective built into it already. Screeching harpy, it's like how "masturbating" has "furiously" attached to it.

To be fair, "centaur" sort of has "well-endowed" attached to it. Describe your future career trajectory in five steps. 1) Get my own brand of teenage clothes at Wal-Mart. 2) Marry a Persian billionaire. 3) Divorce Persian billionaire, take a percentage of his money. 4) Adopt four white children—I feel like I don't see a lot of people of color being able to adopt white children. 5) Get assassinated while jogging through Central Park in a hot outfit, when I'm still young and hot. Oh, and 6) To have Elton John or Josh Groban change the lyrics to one of their songs, so that it's about me, and sing it at my funeral.

Do you wear real people clothes to work, or do you wear a rumpled blazer and Hush Puppies, like all comedy writers? [*Laughs*] Wow, which comedy writers do you know? I like that guy, that guy sounds hot. No, man, the great thing about being a comedy writer, is that you can be like 20 pounds overweight and wear gym shorts and Hawaiian shirts to work, and people think you're funny.

It sounds like a room full of the helicopter pilot from Lost. [*Laughs*].

How do you feel about the portrayal of women in bromantic comedies? Bromantic comedies do an OK job of it. I loved the two teenaged girls portrayed in *Superbad.* But I have a problem with the way that women are portrayed in romantic comedies. They're always really clumsy, and that's not an amusing personality trait in life. You would just be annoyed and think they were a loser, but somehow when it's in a movie, it's supposed to be funny?

Oh, I'm telling Drew Barrymore and Kate Hudson you said that. Have you ever dated other comics? I have, yeah.

Can you be intimate with them when you're funnier than them? I've only been intimate with like three people in my whole life. I have a very short, late-bloomery list, but I don't think I've dated a comic that I've been decidedly funnier than. Not more than a first date.

If you had testicles, would you groom? I don't know if would groom, but I would use shampoo. I'm surprised more guys don't do that. If a shampoo came out that was for non-facial hair, like for chest, armpit, and private-area hair, don't you think it would do well?

It would have to say "Super Duty Shampoo" with an asterisk and the tiny type would say "for your chest and balls." Because I won't buy something that says "Chest and Balls Shampoo". Well, it would have to have one of those weird names, like how douches have weird names that have some connotation for what it does, but it just doesn't say it because you don't want to gross people out. It could have one of those dreamy, hazy photos like the douche boxes do—but of a guy. ★

RUNNING WITH SCISSORS

Betsey Johnson and Three Dazzling Decades

WORDS: **OLIVIA ALLIN** PHOTOS: **BROOKE NIPAR**

"BETSEY JOHNSON ALWAYS STOOD FOR SOMETHING YOU COULDN'T GET ANYWHERE ELSE."

Styling by **Allison Miller**
All clothes & accessories
by **Betsey Johnson**

Betsey Johnson's showroom is half Barbie's Dream House and half Pee-wee's Playhouse—black and white checkered floors with pink and yellow walls. It has vintage pin-up girl prints with corresponding pin-up girl employees. Betsey is in the next room. I'm star struck and wiping sweaty palms on my silk dress, which is, of course, Betsey Johnson.

Johnson's career is beyond epic, it's hard to believe it's only the 30th anniversary of her private label when she's been designing for close to five decades. A hello curtsy and nervous hug is followed by, "Don't write about the way I look." Which I now have to disobey. Betsey Johnson looks amazing—even in the midst of fashion week preparation. At 66 years old, she looks energetic, foxy, and not exactly what you'd expect from a grandmother.

Born August 10th, 1942, Betsey lived the life of a picture-perfect suburban Connecticut ballerina. After art school at Pratt and Syracuse University, she won a *Mademoiselle* "Guest Editor Contest," landing her in New York City and leading to a top designer position at Paraphernalia in London. In the 1960's, Betsey found herself in Andy Warhol's scene, living in the Chelsea Hotel with Edie Sedgwick as her house model and outfitting her first husband John Cale's band, The Velvet Underground. It was then that Betsey opened a boutique called Betsey Bunki Nini with two friends.

In the 1970's, after divorce number one (she'd go on to collect three such exes), Betsey gained creative control of the ready-to-wear label, Alley Cat. It wasn't until 1978, however, that she joined with the more business-minded, former model Chantal Bacon to start her eponymous label. During our interview, there are numerous distractions, intercom transmissions, and requests, "What did I call for? Oh yeah, heat up my soup and my coffee…by the way, where's my soup?" And despite being endlessly busy— "We usually work fashion shows heavy duty the month before and I love it 'cause it's full speed ahead with what I want"—Betsey is surprising-

MAKEUP: NICOLE HEFFRON, HAIR: MICHAEL LONG, MODELS: ALISSANDRE @ MARILYN AND SILJE @ CODE

"HUSBANDS CAME & WENT & IT WAS ALWAYS, "GIVE ME MY WORK. WORK IS CONSTANT!"

ly focused. When her phone rings for the umpteenth time, "I don't work computers, I dial numbers. I can't relate to these electronics," we find out it's her lover calling, "Dahling! I'm in the middle of an interview. Are you coming to the country house?" she asks, while mouthing to me that, "He's gotta quit this job."

Betsey Johnson is tireless. She's licensed her name to numerous categories in the past five years—accessories, bags, shoes, fragrance, and even real estate, owning two properties in Mexico called Betseyville and Villa Betsey which, incidentally, are both for sale. She's a single mother and breast cancer survivor. She has over 70 stores worldwide, a Coty Award, a plaque on the Fashion Walk of Fame, numerous Lifetime Achievement Awards, and a "Timeless Talent" award from the Council of Fashion Designers of America. Her showroom is frenzied—decades worth of dresses queue mutely outside her office, a small white dog named Lucy yaps in the corner, Betsey is chatting happily on 40-odd topics with her signature blonde hair extensions and bright red lipstick and all I can do in the surreal bedlam, is beg her to adopt me.

This year is your 30th anniversary, what's the biggest change that your career's undergone? My family—my daughter, her husband, my two adorable grandchildren—have changed my life. I got them an apartment near mine. Separate floors, same building. The family's making me want to seriously back off work, to train and teach so I can just come in for the fun parts. My design team is small, we have button girls, trim girls, fabric girls, but the design core is two people. Most people in jobs are so limited…you do like an octave a day, I feel like I have a whole piano! I want more time with my family. Husbands came and went and it was always, 'Give me my work, work is constant!', but my grandchildren are major.

What were you like when you were a kid? Very normal, just one of the girls. It never occurred to me to be a fashion designer. But I could always sew. I loved sewing. And then I learned how to make patterns.

Sounds wholesome, do you have any vices? A vice for me is that I now have to put on makeup every day because I don't like the way I look anymore. It's a draggy thing.

With such a long history, there have been times when your aesthetic didn't fit in with the fashion of the time. What's the hardest part of those experiences? We sold off a lot of stuff when we first went into business. I put everything I own up for sale because the bank was going to foreclose on us Monday. I had a loft sale and Chantal and I marked everything cheap. The bank had to have $10,000 on Monday and at the end of the weekend we had $3,000. Thank God our knit factory saved us and said they'd finance the next collection because they loved it so much. But I sold off a lot of my own good stuff. I'm still trying to find some of the old Alley Cat and Paraphernalia things.

You had to go into your own archive? That's heartbreaking. What from your fashion past would you like to see resurface? I'm recreating my vintage label. I'm begging kids to send pictures of their vintage stuff if they want to rent or sell any of it. It's all really '80s and will have the revived cotton label with my face. We're going through a transition since we've become so much a dress house. I want to get that rock 'n roll daytime stuff back in, more sportswear period. We've got to shake up the formula and get back to true blue me—very punk and very flowery. Every season there were flowers on cotton lycra—stretchy, sexy, comfortable, and casual. I think I was pretty much the first to print on stretch fabrics—all synthetic spandex stretch and cotton stretch. The whole stretch thing came from growing up in leotards.

What's the next hot trend? I saw it, like writing on the wall. I said, the new pant will be like the zoot suit. We made them in the '80s in all kinds of fabrics and they were high-waisted, like a wearable MC Hammer pant with a high crotch. We're remaking them, they're off to China. They just had an ease about them, a good fit with cotton lycra. Slim, sexy and very hip forgiving. It's not what girls have wanted to do, but we've had so many years of, 'Here's my little ass and my tight jeans,' so it's time. I cut the pattern with pleats and pockets, and curved yolks with pockets. It's an easy shape and sure enough, this is the new pant right now. I saw it coming.

What style have you never experimented with? Deconstruction-like clothes, never did that, never liked that, never wore that.

You live uptown now, which is totally different for you considering you were downtown for years and recently came back from living in Mexico. What's that like? It's insane. I'm on Madison and 85th, after a whole life below 14th. I started off on 11th street between 5th and 6th avenues, a funky little brownstone walk-up, with a chandelier and working fireplace for $150 a month. And the last 20 years I've lived on 5th Avenue between 11th and 12th. Uptown is another planet and I'm very happy up there. It's young but it's got the old rich establishment. Where I am, it's a real nice calm, the park's your backyard, the museums are all around, and I love the Carlisle. I haunt the shops. All the people in the stores are very nice to me. Burberry, Valentino, McQueen...

No kidding they're nice to you. When you're in the stores are you working? If I go into department stores, it feels like work. I'm cross-checking prices, materials, but when I'm at Valentino or Sonia Rykiel or these other designers who I like, it's a real treat. Not competition, just real inspiration.

Do you wear other designers? I used to only wear vintage or myself. Now there's something I can really appreciate about an expensive garment. There's the thrill that I can buy it. I can buy a Donna Karan blouse for $2,000 and it's like, 'Oh my God! It's like I bought a new car!' It's a real experience for me to find something I like because I have such specific taste. I bought a gorgeous $5,000 Burberry dress. And then I realized I didn't have anywhere to wear it. I finally took it back for credit 'cause I couldn't wear it to CFDA or any fashion function since it's not mine.

You've had so many shows. Do you still get nervous? We're doing Peter Pan for the fall, I'm a big Johnny Depp fan. For shows, I always need a theme. It has to be an experience—we get great write-ups about the visuals, the tables, what's on them, what's in them, the whole storyline, the hot pink gift bags. I think underneath, I'm terrified of just showing clothes. I need other stuff.

Speaking of terrified, how's it feel doing your signature cartwheel at the end now that you're a bit older? It always scares me right before I go but a cartwheel is easy. I used to do cartwheel splits and I hope I can keep doing them [*knocks on wood*]. But I don't practice. I don't go to a gym. I do a couple the day before just to know that I can. And then one backstage right before a show. Sometimes I practice and I ache, or pull something and there's a strain, but I think if you've been a dancer, there's a certain memory. Your body remembers.

What's your take on the future of retail? The world's different, priorities have changed. I had a successful collaboration with Vogue Butterick patterns. Girls used to sew! Now there's none of that. We always stood for something you couldn't get anywhere else, but I don't know if that girl's still there. Topshop's coming here, and that's like whoa, mega kick ass. But I don't know, nowadays I just think help, help, help, American Apparel is going to take over the world!

After so many years, do you finally feel that you're on top? Not at all. When you think, I'm on top, I've maintained—that's when you know you're dead. ★

I DREAM OF JEANIES

First Annual Missbehave Denim Pageant!

There's nothing more overwhelming than having to go out into the world to seek out your new flattering denim cut. Thank God, you have us. We've toiled, stolen, fought in a blood bath, murdered, and tatted the corresponding number of teardrops on our face for the 19 best pieces. Every magazine does a Denim Package, but not everyone will do time for you and tell you (honestly) what you need to hear—like how to hide that fat upper p***y area you've been harboring since your last breakup. Our choices may be unconventional, but so are you. We want to cover our cankles and use denim to express ourselves! You're not limited in your moods (moodypants)—why should you dress like you are? Lash out with your crack out and consume! Consume! Consume! You'll need pairs to divert attention from your birth defects, draw attention to your assets and then you'll need at least 10 more for your mid-day costume change. It's fall, time to stop shaving your legs and don the denim. Here is the first annual Missbehave Denim Pageant, featuring only the sweetest slew. Let the judging begin (as if we'd ever stopped)!

PHOTOS: **MARLEY KATE** STYLE: **ROSE GARCIA**

KSUBI

BEST BIPOLAR!

TRIPP NYC

BEST DYE JOB!

HAIR: ANTONIO VELOTTA. MAKEUP: SHAWN LOVEJOY. MODELS: DEVYN @ ELITE, BRISSI & EMILY @ ROCKET GARAGE, KIRA & YALENA @ RACE

Leotards & tees by **American Apparel**, Tanks by **Petit Bateau**, Boots by **Dr. Martens**, Missbehave ring by **Goodwood**, other jewelry from **Funky Fanny's Vintage**, watch is stylist's own.

Leotards & tanks by **American Apparel**, Tees by **Alternative Apparel**, Sneakers by **Converse,** Heart necklace by **Steven Shein,** Glasses by **Selima Optique**, Mirror glasses, jewelry and other accessories from **Funky Fanny's Vintage**, shoes are stylist's own.

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BEST ACID WASH!

LUXIRIE

BEST EVERYTHING +

THE KITCHEN SINK!

DIESEL

BEST LOOK LIKE A

JAPANESE SCULPTOR!

AKADEMIKS

BEST ALLOVER PRINT!

DARYL K & KERRIGAN

BEST UNORTHODOX JEAN JACKET!

BEST LOOK LIKE A FOREIGNER!

SASS & BIDE

JUDI ROSEN

BEST BUTT!

MAVI

BEST FUPA VANQUISHER!

Leotards & tank dress and tee by **American Apparel**, Boots by **Dr. Martens,** Heart necklace by **Steven Shein,** Black glasses are model's own, jewelry from **Funky Fanny's Vintage**

COLOSSAL MEDIA GROUP

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Styling by **Christian Stroble**
Corset by **The Blonds**, glasses
& jewelry are Santogold's own

MAKEUP: VIKTORIJA BOWERS @ PUBLICIMAGEARTISTS.COM USING MAKE UP FOR EVER. HAIR: STACI CHILD FOR REDKEN @ FACTORY DOWNTOWN. SPECIAL THANKS: BATHHOUSE STUDIOS

PRECIOUS METTLE

PROSPECTING FOR SANTOGOLD

WORDS: **LAURA CHECKOWAY** • PHOTOS: **KAI REGAN**

Jumpsuit by **Jean-Charles de Castelbajac**
Lion & Tiger Eye rings by **Noir**, Nail rings by **Bijules**, all other jewelry is Santogold's own

Brooklyn. Third Saturday in July. An afternoon nearing 100 degrees. Santogold is tired. Tired of recounting the same tales, interview after interview. She's just gotten home to Bed-Stuy for two days in the middle of a nonstop tour and her throat is sore. "Trust me, it takes a lot for me to tell my story, like, 5000 times. You're like, 'OK,'" she takes a deep breath, "'Here we go!'" Santi then breaks into laughter and her exhaustion momentarily dissipates. The past week has gone something like this: Barcelona, Bucharest, Helsinki, Berlin, London, now home in New York for a Central Park SummerStage show, and then hitting the road with Coldplay for a few weeks.

Santi's especially fatigued by people who harp on her age. She's a grown woman at 32. She's also bored by how often she's asked what type of music she makes. And then there are those constant comparisons to M.I.A., which is cool since they're friends, but annoying. Does she really have to be compared to her homegirl? Santi's mash-up is the culmination of years of her own unique training. The Philly native studied music and African American Studies at Wesleyan University, got her business savvy while working at Sony/Epic for four years, wrote soul rock singer Res's album, and strengthened her own singing and performances with Philly punk band Stiffed. And then, finally, became Santogold.

At a packed SummerStage the following afternoon, crushed in a crowd, an old Stiffed fan wonders aloud as to what made Santi change from a "bad-ass punk rocker"to a "hipster pop star." He misses how she "used to be all hardcore and talk a lot of shit." A concert promoter within earshot declares she's all hype but doesn't deny that she's a great songwriter. The crowd's enthusiasm confirms this, chanting along, dancing and taunting, "Me, I'm a Creator, thrill is to make it up, the rules I break, got me a place up on the radar!"

Santogold lives what she writes. Her fans, who have waited all day in the blazing sun, begin booing when she plays six songs and refuses to return for an encore. But then again, what did they expect? Now that she's here, she's going to do whatever she wants.

Were you, like, one of those musical prodigies growing up? I've been into music since I can remember. When I was about 8 or 9 I started writing my own raps.

What was your MC name? [*Laughs*] I was just Santi.

What was your earliest musical influence? My older sister. She was into everything from Zeppelin, Hendrix, The Doors, Joni Mitchell to Bad Brains, Suicidal Tendencies, Bauhaus, the Smiths. She would come home drenched from Bad Brains shows and that piqued my interest, like, 'What is this?'

By the time I was 13, my friend and I would make up dance routines and go to parties wearing matching stuff and do our dances and raps. But I was never like, 'I wanna be a star! Everyone, look at me!' I wasn't that kid at all. I wasn't a ham.

Describe yourself as a teen. I was in a clique of girls—they're still my best friends—but at the time we were really bitchy to each other and everybody else. We'd all try to be so cool. Back then "cool" was not standing out too much from each other.

We'd make fun of everybody who we thought were trying too hard. Being natural and real, that was super high value to us. All we did was make fun of people for four years [*laughs*]. But it also made you inhibited to stick your neck out.

I assume you grew out of that. Yeah, in 10th grade. You're more confident by then. I really started wanting to be original.

When did you start singing? I took chorus in 10th grade and got a solo. One of my best friends was sleeping over and I told her, 'I got a solo!' She was like, 'How did *you* get the solo?' [*Laughs*] She was like, 'All right, sing it for me.' I sang it and she just put her head in the pillow and laughed.

Good sign. How'd the performance turn out? It was awful. It was "Mary Had a Baby," a gospel song. My parents came and saw it and were like, 'How did you get the solo?' That scarred me so much that I never wanted to sing anymore. And being in this clique made me more cynical because there was this thing instilled—don't take yourself too seriously because then you'll seem like you're trying to hard.

After swearing off singing, what brought you back? I love music. But I didn't want to be a performer, so being in the business of music made sense. I wanted to start my own record company. I got an internship after high school at Ruffhouse Records and then after my freshman year of college, I interned at Epic/Sony. Junior year, I got a real full-time job as an executive assistant for the VP of black music. I was pretty much done with school so I convinced them to hire me and graduated a semester early.

Must have been great behind-the-scenes training. My experiences have helped me make good decisions. Now I know what needs to happen and what doesn't. I became friends with my boss and he eventually made me an A&R. I signed Res to a demo deal. I tried to sign Mos Def. Everyone I'd try to sign, the label would be like, 'Um, this is weird.' This was during Puffy's heyday. I was like, 'How about this?' And they'd be like, 'Weirdo.'

Tank by **Brian Lichtenberg**
Rings by **Noir**, other jewelry & glasses are Santogold's own

Did you enjoy the work? I didn't. I learned about the shadiness and pettiness that goes on. Everyone's scared for their job all the time, it's really competitive. It's kind of a gross environment. I was like, 'This isn't who I am, I don't want to do this.' When I wrote songs, I was finally like, 'Wow, I like doing *this* way better.' So I quit, got Res a deal at MCA, and executive produced and wrote her record.

When did you start writing for yourself? I wanted to keep writing songs but have them actually sound the way that I'd hear them in my own head. Which meant that I'd have to be singing them myself. So I was like, maybe I'll do that and just never perform [*laughs*]. I just wanted to make records. I went back to Philly and started Stiffed. I learned how to sing and eventually learned that I love to perform. After four years, we broke up and I started Santogold.

Did you feel at all conflicted about going solo? No, I couldn't wait. With Stiffed, I carried all the weight. I was tired. I felt like a mom, or like I had three husbands. I was just not ready for either one. I wanted to be by myself.

Can you describe your music making process for the album? John Hill, the bass player from Stiffed, and I would meet a couple times a week and play together off the top. He'll come up with really raw ideas, really simple ideas because I need space to create melody. I'll mash out all the melodies with no real lyrics. Do you listen to the Cocteau Twins? You know how they don't sing real lyrics?

Right, it's just beautiful and wispy… You know how you hear little bits of words here and there? I write my songs like that. I listen to what it sounds like I'm saying, and I write lyrics from that.

How does the whole sound—scattered splashes of dub, punk, new wave, electronic, and hip-hop—come together? Disco D [ed: R.I.P.]. He did stuff for 50 Cent and Trick Daddy, put this down South snap on top of this dub beat that John did for "Shove It." Then Naeem from Spank Rock, who's a great friend of mine, did his verse. And Diplo introduced me to Switch and they played me the beats for "Creator." They were like, 'Do you rap?' I was like, 'Uhh, no' and they're like, 'Can you?' I did and we ended up doing "Creator," which at the time totally sounded like nothing else.

You say you sound like nothing else but you're often compared to M.I.A. How frustrating is that? Very. I just did an interview yesterday and we got into it because the reporter was like, 'What is this, and what is this, and how old are you?' And I was like, 'Wow. Seriously?! Will you please just let me be? Will you just let the music be?' The problem, and the source of my frustration, is that when people are unfamiliar with something, they always need to make it familiar in some way by categorizing it.

"MUSIC IS SOMETIMES THE ONLY PLACE I FEEL PEACE. IT'S ALWAYS CATHARTIC."

What was the aftermath of finishing the album? It becomes all work! [*Laughs*] Making an album is a lot of work, but it's creative work. After that, it becomes all scheduling work. It's been non-stop shows, promotions, press, photo-shoots, radio… it's exhausting.

Are you feeling your fame yet? The first landmark thing was when I had the opportunity to open for Björk. That was before the record was finished, just off my MySpace page. The last show with her was at Madison Square Garden. And it was awesome. It was my birthday.

You're in a Converse campaign with Pharrell and Julian Casablancas. You've done ads for Bud Light and you're opening for Coldplay. How important is positioning and branding for artists these days? Really important. People don't buy music anymore. They want good music, they love good music, but they don't wanna buy it. That's OK if there are other ways to continue to make music and be able to sustain ourselves as artists. Licensing and branding will do it. Being in a Converse ad means exposure, whereas before, we looked to radio. These days, they play the same 10 artists over and over. MTV doesn't play videos. You have to come up with other ways to get out there.

I read that your father, who was a lawyer, passed away in 2003. How much of that did you pour into your music? This record was the first creative thing I did after losing my dad. Before my dad died he was under investigation by the FBI and "You'll Find A Way" was about the experience. Basically, the FBI were probing for "Municipal Corruption".

Uh, what does that mean? Exactly! It was around the elections and the mayor and everyone influential and political who was close to him were investigated. They came up with trumped-up charges on him, but it was something that my family was dragged through. My dad died right in the middle of it all. It was a lot emotionally. So there was a lot of disillusionment, frustration and being angry at people in general for not standing up and demanding what's right.

That must've been cathartic. Music is sometimes the only place I feel peace. I've written three records—Res, Stiffed, and this record—and each time it feels so necessary to get it out. It's always very cathartic.

Your fiancé Trevor "Trouble" Andrew is a professional snowboarder and a musician as well. Is it nuts to be with another musician? It's really fun with us. The relationship started off with him having to go off for five months at a time to snowboard, so now, when I'm traveling, it's not an issue. And him being a musician is great, 'cause we have the same anxieties [*laughs*]. We totally understand the pre-show rules, like don't talk to me, or else I'll snap! We complain to each other about the same shit, it's great.

He's featured on "I'm A Lady." Have you made a lot of, um, literal music together? On my last Stiffed record, he learned guitar and wrote riffs on, like, four songs just because I was depressed. My dad was sick, and he was like, 'Come on!' He'd play all these songs and then I'd just wander, and he'd be like, 'OK, record it!'

Aw. Major boyfriend points. How long have you guys been together? Almost six years.

Wow. So you're engaged, but what's next career-wise, where are you heading? I really don't have any massive plan at all. If I was thinking like that, I wouldn't even be where I'm at right now. I've learned to be in the moment. That's how you get where you're going. Honestly, I can't even think about the next day. I'm like, 'Ugh, what do I have to do to get through today?' Every day last week I was like, 'Don't think about it, just get through the day.'

But it's all really exciting right? I'm excited because we haven't had anything fresh in music in a while—it's been a long period of industry over artistry. I don't think a lot of thoughtful music was coming out, and if there was, it was really underground. I mean, secretly, everyone loves pop songs.

Totally. The Police, Devo, Prince—there's so much truly great pop. It's cool and very accessible but at the same time, these songs say something. It's not one dimensional and to me it's more real for that reason. I mean, ultimately what's exciting about any artist or music is how much you can relate to it.

Everyone—from hipsters to mainstream folks—want cool points for being able to relate to you. Is it a struggle to maintain your vision? Only in the very beginning—part of the reason it's been such a long process, from working at a label to performing, was because I refused to do it unless it was on my own terms. ★

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WHAT'S NEXT.

EBAST

ALL THAT GLITTERS...

GLAM ROCK FOREVER

This page: Blouse by **Sass & Bide**, Leggings by **American Apparel**, Boots by **House of Holland**
Facing page: Hat by **Victor Osborne**

MAKEUP: ROBERT GREENE @ SEE MGMT. FOR M.A.C., HAIR: AMY FARID @ SEE MGMT. FOR BUMBLE & BUMBLE, MANICURE: CHRISTINA ZULETA @ KATY BARKER FOR ESSIE, MODEL: JANELLE @ Q MODELS, TYPE DESIGN: JEREMY PETTIS

PHOTOS: **BROOKE NIPAR** STYLE: **SIGNE YBERG**

Leather jacket by **Nolita de Nimes**
Lingerie is stylist's own

Blouse by **Derercuny**

Jumpsuit by **The Blonds**

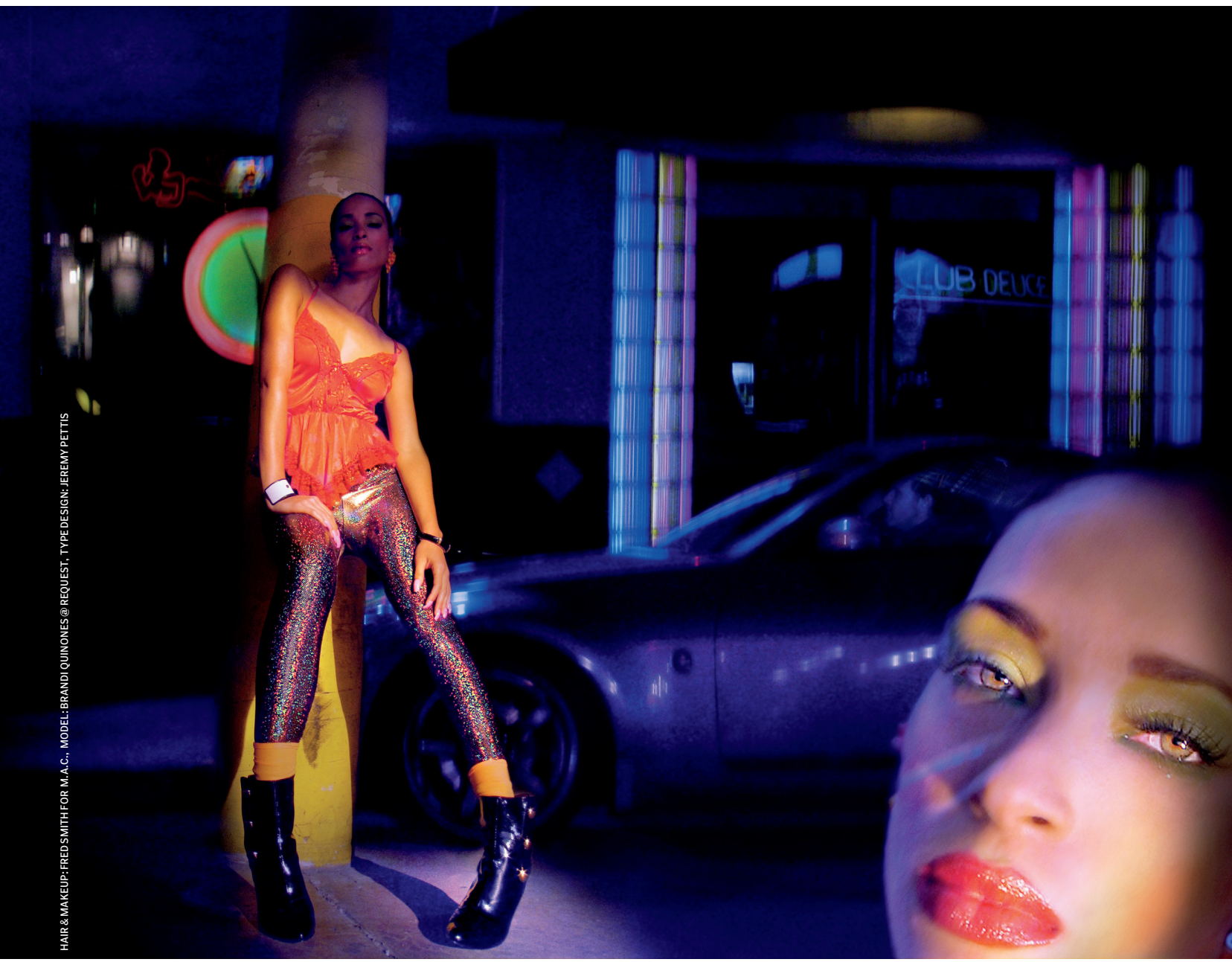
Strapless top (worn as skirt) by **Paul & Joe**

This page: Dress by **Grey Ant**
Facing page: Boots by **Shane & Shawn**,
Tights by **Miss Sixty**, Lingerie is stylist's own

This page: Dress by **Betsey Johnson**, Gloves by **LaCrasia**, Tights by **We Love Colors**. Facing page: Negligee by **Frederick's of Hollywood**, Socks by **We Love Colors**, Boots by **Just Sweet**, Leggings by **American Apparel** white bracelet by **Leonello Borghi**, other jewelry is stylist's own

MINX

DEUCE DEUCE REVOLUTION



HAIR & MAKEUP: FRED SMITH FOR M.A.C., MODEL: BRANDI QUINONES @ REQUEST, TYPE DESIGN: JEREMY PETTIS

PHOTOS: **CHEYCO LEIDMANN** STYLE: **RACHEL GILMAN**

CLUB DEUCE

Black cropped top by **Bestey Johnson**, Zebra leggings from **Screaming Mimi's**, Belt from **GirlPROPS**, Gloves by **LaCrasia**, Leopard print leggings by **Bestey Johnson**, Striped swimsuit by **Norma Kamali**, Shoes by **Fornarina**

Vintage top by **Jean Paul Gaultier**, Shorts by **Fornarina**, Blue shoes & thigh highs by **Betsey Johnson**, Bustier by **Aardvark**, Yellow leather pants by **Diesel**, Belt by **Baby Phat**, Red shoes by **Luscious**, Socks by **We Love Colors**, Jewelry is stylist's own

Bodysuit by **Brian Lichtenberg**, Gloves by **LaCrasia**
Shoes by **Fornarina**, Sock by **We Love Colors**

Facing page: Capelet by **Lyall Hakaraia**
This page: Bra by **Topshop**, Epaulettes by **Lyall Hakaraia**, Ears & customized vintage shirt are stylist's own.

NU RAVE

EPAULETTES & GLOOM

PHOTOS: **HELEN ELEFTHERIOU** STYLE: **KATE RUTH**

MAKEUP & HAIR: SONIA BHOGAL, MODEL: ALINA S @ STORM

Bra from **Topshop**
Hat by **Stephen Jones**

Epaulettes by **Hannah Marshall**
Hat by **Karen Henriksen**

Collar by **Lyall Hakaraia**

Hat & Glasses by **Paul Smith**

Gogo Girl works...

BUSINESS TRIPS

Clockwise from top left: Santa Monica Beachin'. Come Sail Away. L.A. Story. Bilt More like Cave. Fried Me to the Moon.

If money grew like my lust for "Law & Order's" Sam Waterston (Grandaddy complex much?), then GogoGirl would be stinkin' rich and you'd all smell me later. Instead, I toil like a serf for my artisan bread and Vitamin Water. Feudal, futile—say them fast enough and they're the same. But one must labor to travel, right? Right? Not when you know how to work your work.

This issue, I took advantage of two opportunities that popped up in the course of my job as a writer. One was hopping to LA to interview some dancers. Two was a press trip to St. Maarten. Between the jaunts, I learned that business is just a couple of good friends away from pleasure and that work can get you played.

LOS ANGELES

Never kick a gift airline ticket in the mouth. A job flew me to LA to chill with some old-school street dancers for a day, so I said, "Yo, book my return for the end of the week!" They only covered my hotel for two nights, but whatevs. LA is full of comfortable, crash-uponable couches.

At downtown's Biltmore Hotel, nothing worked in my pukey room which was situated in a *Shining*-meets-*Barton Fink*-type creepy corridor (beware the online discount). After a meh night's sleep, I clogged my arteries at the overrated Roscoe's House of Chicken 'n Waffles and watched a hip-hop dance class with my subjects. By 10 pm, I was free!

Bill, a 30-something Indonesian playboy I befriended in China (while trapped with our respective parents on a geriatric multi-city tour) happened to be partying right around the block from my hotel. An art opening led to a rooftop pool party at The Standard and a clutch of sexy and sexually flexible boys. A blonde, engaged, bible-thumping hottie (who, ahem, has never slept with his fiancée) stroked my hair in a poolside waterbed pod while eyeing the Luke Wilson lookalike beside us.

The next day, I checked out of the hohell, pardon, ho-tel, sat in traffic, and made it to the home of Serena, a fellow journalist, mom, and culinary maverick. We inhaled mussels and schmancy ham n' cheese from Monsieur Marcel at the Farmers Market on Fairfax and 3rd. The wine had barely crossed my blood barrier before I was back in traffic, en route to the California Yacht Club. Bill, the navigator on a crew, invited me aboard a 35-foot sailboat for that afternoon's Sunset Series race. Ahoy! I crouched in a corner, clinging to a railing as the crew adjusted sails and shifted weight for optimum speed. I felt as rich, carefree, and windblown as a Ralph Lauren ad. We came in second place!

I crashed at Bill's ridonkulous downtown studio and woke to "vegetable smoothies" (read: Bloody Marys) for breakfast. Back in traffic, then more traffic to Santa Monica Beach. Serena and I spent my last afternoon in LA attempting self-led yoga, as a pair of dolphins swam by in sun salutes. Serena reported sand up her girl parts. "Oooh," I tell her. "Maybe you'll make a pearl."

Clockwise from top left: Boredwalk. Snuba Thrivin'. Typical Tourist Shot. Under My Umbrella, ella, ella.

ST. MAARTEN

So. I graciously accept a press trip to St. Maarten, the Netherlands Antilles-owned third of the 37-square mile island that suffers from a split personality (the other two-thirds belong to France). Press trips always mix obligatory hand shaking with local exploration, but hey, how bad could that be in a tropical paradise? Perhaps Gilligan asked the Skipper the same question before their three-hour tour.

The Dutch side is the scrappy stepsister to the upscale French zone. Casinos and souvenir stores dot Philipsburg, the repository for sunburned cruise-ship crowds and the main shopping strip. Tourists haggle with beach-chair hawkers beside a meager stretch of sand. Sweaty yellow-helmeted thrill-seekers (um, not!) whiz down the short boardwalk on Segways. The single oasis in Philipsburg's cultural desert is The Holland House, a chic and affordable South Beach-esque hotel and outdoor restaurant with gorgeous food, cocktails and atmosphere.

The Caribbean is a waste without water activities, and we were granted one. Snuba is a faux-scuba experience that tethers four divers to floating oxygen tanks via umbilical air tubes for $75. The flirty, muscular crew of Blue Bubbles Water Sports and Dive Center guided me through fish, coral and sunken wrecks. The languid, slo-mo sensation of swimming the abyss was trippy, enhanced by oversensory, intense Darth Vader breathing.

I wanted to lay out at the idyllic French side of the nude-friendly Orient Beach, but wrist slaps kept us on a strict itinerary. The visit had too much traffic, too many questionable site visits, and a bizarre, endless series of presentations from wedding planners that we tried to cancel but couldn't. The last presentation made us late for appointments at the exquisite Dior Spa, the only one in the world. (Ah, strange signature cold facial mask! Transform my face into a baby's behind!)

Alas. At least I stayed at the elegant Westin Dawn Beach Resort and Spa. The beach was beautiful, the service impeccable, and a tiki-torch lit dinner on the sand hit the heights of class. After too-long, stressful days that felt much more work than play, it was a relief to climb into my signature Heavenly Bed to dream of going home.—*Rebecca Louie*

Gogo Goodies

THE NUDES COLLECTION:

The Nudes Collection, by Kissable Couture. No more garish gobs of glam glossery! These lip service colors will coat your pucker and pout with their subtle, bare shades. $22, kissablecouture.com

THE DOWNTOWN SAMPLER:

The Downtown Sampler, by Zoya. Make a point with finger fashion that is toluene, formaldehyde and DPB free. This polish is sexy enough for seduction yet plenty fierce for flicking off. $34 for six shades or $6 each at artofbeauty.com

Gogo Tip

KAYAK

KAYAK.COM:

This search engine scours over 140 airline, hotel, car and vacation sites so you don't have to. It's the easiest way to comparison shop for the best deals and save a few bucks for those poolside Piña Coladas.

Girl Interrupted

WORDS & PHOTOS: **ALEX JORDAN HARRINGTON**

Ever see a fly-ass girl out on the street and wanted to talk to her? Well, I've decided to forgo the confines of personal space and social niceties, to embrace my inner style sleuth. This is the mission I have undertaken—seeking out NY's most stylish club kids, fashionistas, and downright insane chicks…this is GIRL INTERRUPTED.

Nora

Location: Astor Place

Just when I thought NY style had been reduced to a sea of mindless Ray-Ban wayfarers (they look weird on my face) and American Apparel tri blend v-necks (if only they weren't so comfortable), I was slapped in the face by this technicolor dream. A part-time cocktail waitress, full-time fly girl, she dyed her hair this distinctly Crayola box concoction she dubbed "acid fuchsia." Pairing H&M with thrift-store finds, Nora had no qualms admitting her rocking orange quilted was a Marc knock-off. Cheers to taking fashion with a tongue-in-cheek attitude and walking on the wild side.

Elaine

Location: Happy Ending on Broome Street

Surrounded by her posse of sugar-babydoll-super-kawaii Harajuku girls (cute, but so costumey), Elaine stuck out like a fabulous sore thumb. She managed to make an understated outfit pop with some freakin' quirky-ass accessories. Her vintage Levi's vest jazzed to the 100th degree with barrettes, dental floss, pins, and God knows what else, shows that walking the fine line between chic and cartoonish can produce delicious results. Speaking of cartoons, this recently graduated animator requested that I forewarn Murakami that she was "coming for his spot." Hey, if anime art world domination fails, there's always a career in embellished denim

Peppa

Location: Prince Street

OK, so let me forewarn you that I am not the biggest fan of the '80s retro trend that we have been stuck in for 2-plus years. Can we move on to another era? I don't know, '50s New Look, '60s mod, freaking 1800s whalebone? That being said, I still could not help but do a double take when I passed this uptown lady hanging out in SoHo. I love that she took the '80s inspiration and paired it with a current happening trend—the onesie. Add some dirty Reeboks, a Chanel-inspired quilted, Betty Boop red lipstick, and a kufi, and you have a winning look. People, she had a kufi on with a onesie! Who thinks of that? If that's not proof of genius, I don't know what is.

Sage

Location: 9th Avenue

I chased down this "vintage whore" on her way to Hiro Ballroom to see one of my favorite bands, Heartsrevolution perform. This part-time hair stylist and electro jazz singer (whatever that is) clearly has a love for all things Old World. Citing Brooklyn as the best place for vintage, she found this beauty of a floral frock in Williamsburg. Speaking of fun florals, not since Balenciaga's Nicolas Ghesquière marched down his collection of space armor flower dresses, have I seen foliage look this good. I love how Sage had the ingenuity to pin the dress up in the front making a more modern bubble skirt, and then chose simple accessories, shoes, and pseudo-simple hair. Lady sings the blues? Not in this outrageous hot house number.

Ashley

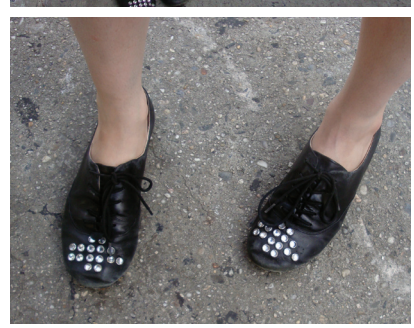
Location: Broome Street

Yet another smoke break outside Happy Ending. I am convinced that despite the deteriorating capacity of my lungs, nicotine has been a catalyst for many a wonderful friendship. Evidence: Meeting Ashley, a current student at FIT and fellow Bushwick beauty. This girl isn't wearing your average LBD. Not at all. Clearly putting her fashion education to good use, she *made* her fabulously draped number. I definitely got an old Alexander McQueen vibe from her use of side banding and from the skirt volume. Paired with an oversized rusted safety pin she "found in her backyard", this chick definitely has a kick-ass aesthetic. I can't wait to sift through the crack pipes and McDonald's bags that litter my block in search of my own lucky talisman.

Jhene

Location: Bleecker Street

While doing some style sleuthing on Bleecker, I happened to have the pleasure of running into one of the slaves at Marc Jacobs. OK, so I was really taking a ciggy break from my own retail indentured servitude, but that doesn't change the fact that Jhene's style was chicly understated. With chai lattes in hand, I was able to chase down this 22-year-old costume designer long enough to ask her what she was wearing. She's definitely been using her covetable employee discount (everything Marc Jacobs except the thrift-store sunglasses) and who can blame her? I might even have to make a visit to Marc so that I can slam the concrete with those embellished tap shoes like our friend here. That's it from me, until next time fashionistas and robocunts.....MUAH!



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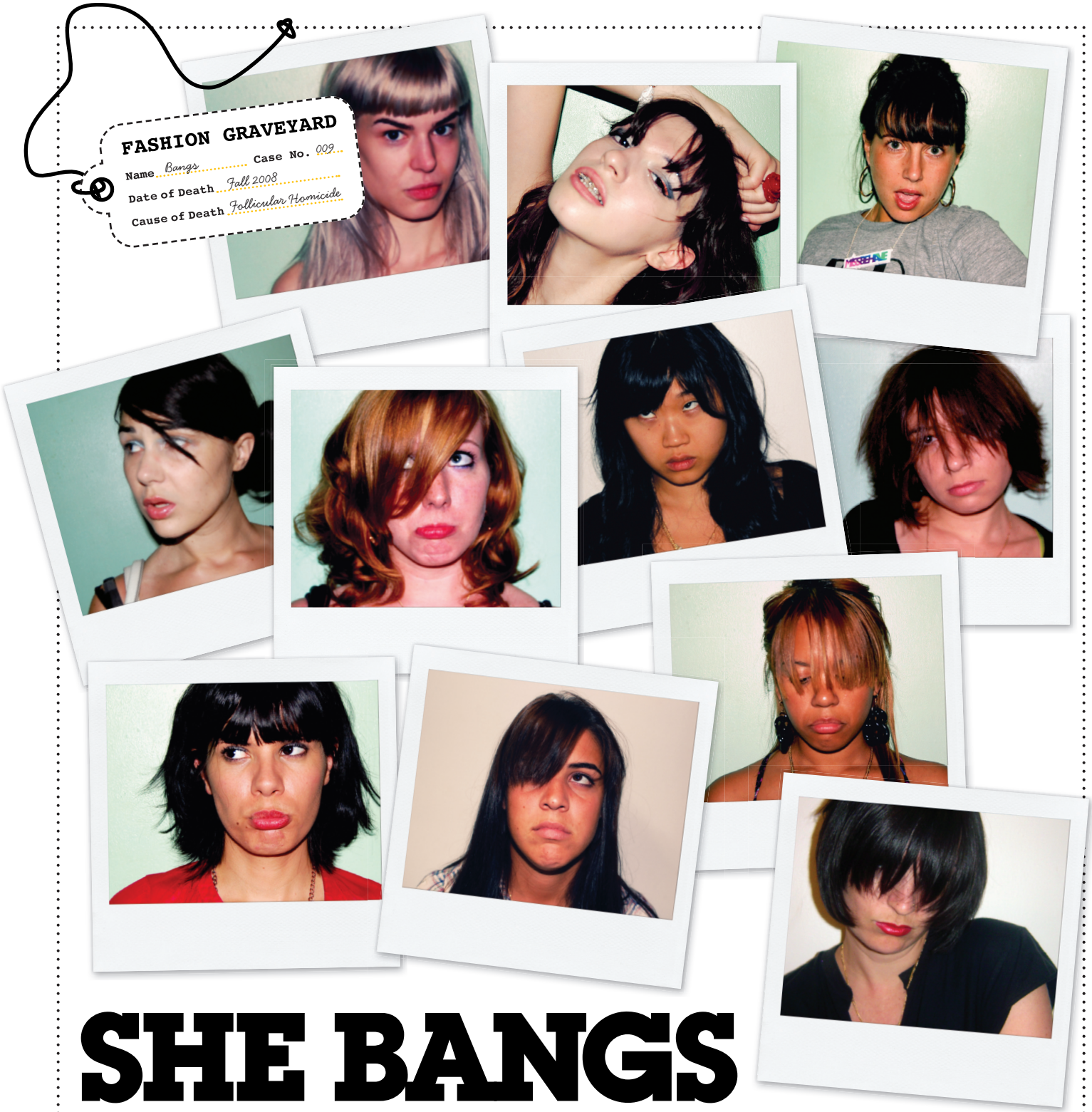
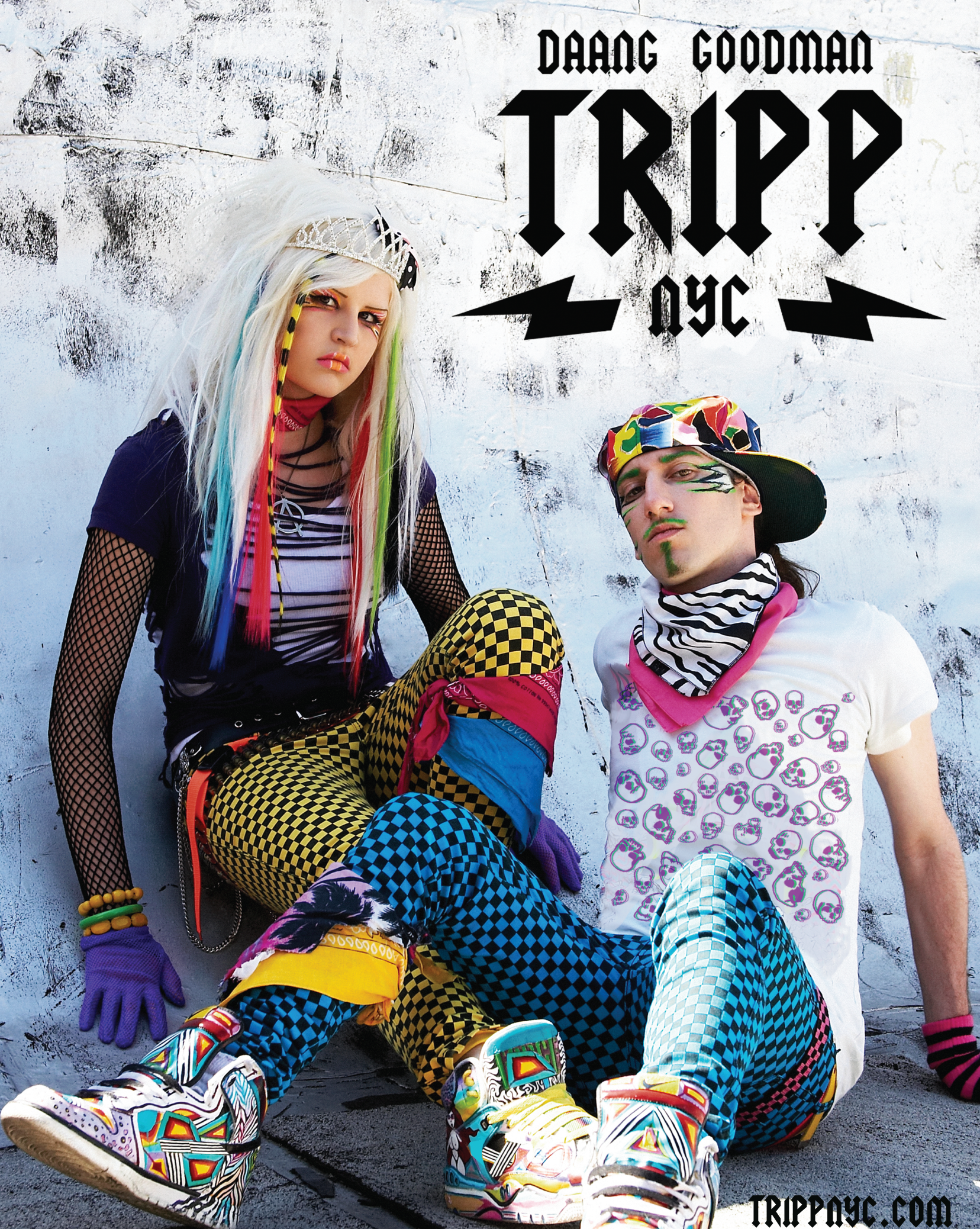


SHE BANGS

You are unable to remember what color your eyes are. Your friends would only be able to ID your body from the nose down. Your forehead is covered in zits Proactiv can't even put a dent in. You find yourself wearing glasses, hoping to improve your blocked vision. Um, yup, it's your bangs. Bangs are stupid. Bangs look stupid. And they look stupid on everyone. But, they especially look stupid on you. And on me. Bangs were invented some time after the dinosaur, somewhere before the plastic visor. They hid signs of aging, bad forehead tattoos, birth defects, Tyra-sized head toppers (fiveheads), and ugly people. Yet, today fringes cause more problems than they're worth. They lead to drunkies peeing in sinks and drinking out of toilets. Stoners light them on fire. Mmm… burning hair.

Police and fire officials warn of their dangers. But like the deep-fried turkey, their popularity continues. And you continue to cut them. Convinced they frame your face, balance your head, hide your weird ears, or "look good." You cut on. They laugh at you, you know. Your evil bangs. They cackle as they keep you from that promotion at work, walking in a straight line, or Internet shopping. They pierce you violently in the eye while driving, forcing you to hit a parked car and run over your pet turtle. They injure that hot dude from Starbucks when you suck face. Stab, stab, stab—your bangs hate you. They even grow when you're dead. Because they can. Maybe you thought *you* were ruining your life. You are not. Your bangs are. Grow them out. Wait, no, definitely shave them off.

PHOTOS: HELLS GIBSON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